

# THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

28rd Year. No. 33.

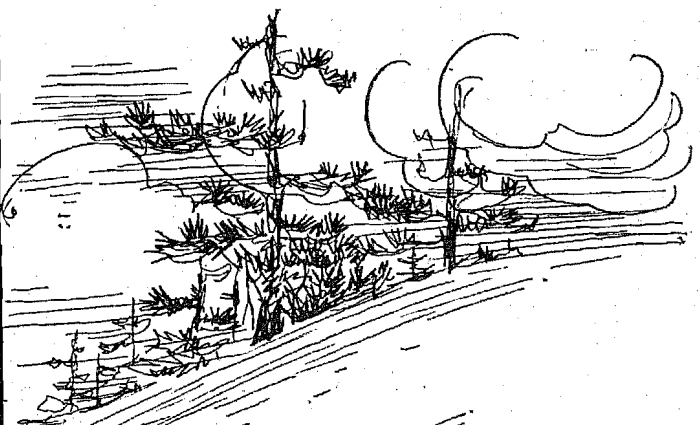
WILLIAM BOOTH  
General.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1907.

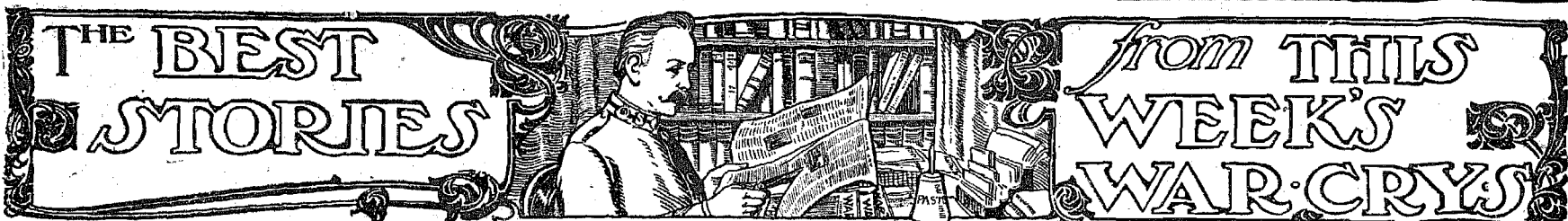
THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.

## SCENES FROM OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.



1. Making Maple Sugar, Old Style. 2. The Bob-Sleigh Incident, with which the Story Commences. 3. The End of the Ride. (See p. 13.)



## BOY OPERA SINGER.

### Dramatic Scene in Middlesex Street Shelter.

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom—  
Lead thou me on."

Seldom have the lodgers in our Middlesex Street Metropole heard such singing as they listened to the other night—when, rising from the penitiform a boyish-looking figure made his way to the platform—and, with all the fervour of his newly awakened soul added to the advantages of a well-trained professional voice, sang Newman's famous old hymn to the congregation till there was scarcely a dry eye in the place.

And had they known the story of the singer they would, doubtless, have been doubly impressed. Brought up in a Christian home, surrounded by good influences, Maurice Anderson had, early in life discovered that he was gifted with a voice well above the average in quality and richness.

Singing as, with a companion, he made his way along one of the roads in the neighborhood of his home, the beauty of his voice attracted the attention of a musical agent on the look out for talent, and before long Maurice had been persuaded to leave home—unknown to his parents—and join a travelling operatic company. A month of this life, however, satisfied him. He returned home, only, however, to run away again three weeks later.

Failing to get a permanent engagement, young Anderson attempted to work on his own account as a singer, but came to grief in the South of England, where, after booking rooms at an hotel, and obtaining refreshments on false pretences—a trick he had tried in several places—he was arrested, and brought before the magistrates.

Here, the local Salvation Army Officer pleaded his case. The magistrates paid his fare to London, where Bro. Weedon, who has the oversight of our

Boys' Work, dealt with him, and succeeded in impressing upon him the evil which he had committed.

As a result Maurice Anderson, in sincere repentance, knelt at the mercy-seat in our Middlesex Street Shelter, and after realizing that his sins were forgiven, rendered his first tribute in song to the Master whom he that night began to serve.

Messages were sent to his parents, and in a few days' time he was welcomed back by them, his past forgiven, and his future rendered hopeful by reason of the change which took place in London.

He writes full of thankfulness and determination. Great things are expected of him in the future.—Social Gazette.

## PRAYER ANSWERED.

### Bobbie and His Boots.

On a bitterly cold Sunday morning in February Nurse Sarah was walking quickly along on her district round. All in a moment she felt led to visit an old patient who lived near the street she was in. When she arrived at the house she found the poor mother without food or firing.

Father had gone on a long tramp to another part of London where some friends had once lived, hoping thus to get a few coppers. The poor mother had taken her five children out of their own miserable bed and put them into hers, covering them with all the clothes and rags she could gather together. She was shivering with cold herself as she knelt down amongst her children and prayed to God to send help.

Before she called God had answered by putting it into a kind friend's heart to send us £10 for our very poorest.

Nurse Sarah entered, saw the need, and went off at once for coals, wood, and food. Soon they had a nice fire, and all was changed.

"One little chappie, looking up to his mother, said, 'You told us if we prayed God would soon send us a fire, mum, and he sent Nurse Sarah.'"

Mother replied, "Yes, we must always ask God for what we want, Robbie."

Bobbie thought for a moment, and then remarked, "Well, I ain't got no boots, so I shall pray three times every day till God sends them."

"I know that Thou canst do everything" (Job xlii. 1, 2).

— The Deliverer.

## A PARROT STORY

### With an Obvious Moral.

Staff-Captain Dayaasagar, of Ahmedabad, is responsible for the following:

"A certain Sadhu, noticing a number of parrots being sold in the bazaar, was much concerned what to do to prevent them from being caught and imprisoned. 'Seeing these birds can talk,' said he, 'why should I not give up my time to warning them and so save them from being killed?'

Acting upon this idea, he went away and lived in the woods; taking with him a parrot he had bought in the bazaar. He then taught it to say, 'The birdcatchers will come with a net and throw it over us to catch us; therefore let us be warned.'

"After the parrot had got these words off by heart he set it free, and it went and set up a school for all the other parrots, and taught them with such success that within a short time the wood resounded with the words, and when the birdcatcher came he heard the birds repeating their lesson. At first he doubted whether he could catch them. Then, thought he, 'After all, they are only parrots, and though they talk they cannot understand.' So, watching his opportunity, he threw the net, and succeeded in catching a large number of the parrots, who, though now entangled, continued to say: 'The birdcatcher will come, and throw his net over us and we shall be caught; therefore, beware!'

There is a moral to this story, which we need not trouble to point out.—All the World.

## BLIGHTED LIVES.

### He Threw His Chance Away.

A letter once taken from the pocket of a man who had committed suicide stated the reasons for his rash act, and closed with these words, "I am now dying by my own hand, homeless, penniless, friendless, and hopeless, and it might have been so different."

During my career as an officer I have often been reminded of these last sad words by the sad tales I have listened to from comrades who have blighted their own lives by wilful acts of disobedience.

One young fellow comes to my mind while I write. He was, at the time when I first met him, the Sergeant-Major of the corps to which I had been appointed. He met me at the station upon my arrival in the town, and for a while worked well, but gradually cooled down.

I began to notice his absence from the meetings, and then when he did attend he was out of uniform. This caused me considerable anxiety.

Affairs came to a climax one morning when I received his resignation by post.

I walked over to see him. I received a cordial invitation to step inside, but thinking I should do better by seeing him alone, I asked him to walk a little way home with me. This he did, and linking my arm in his, I dealt kindly but firmly with him upon his apparent coldness. He walked along thoughtfully for some time; then, suddenly wheeling round, he faced me and addressed me thus:—

"Captain, I am about to tell you what no one else knows. Two years ago I was called to become an officer. Probably I should have applied for the work, but about that time I met the young woman that is now my wife. I loved her, and deliberately turned aside from the path of duty to marry her. Ever since that time I have drifted; I am not in my right place. But I threw the chance away; it is now too late.—British War Cry.

## The Praying League

**Special Prayer Topic:**—Pray for the promulgation of the Gospel in Japan, where our dear General is now conducting an important campaign.

Sunday May 19.—Covetousness.—Joshua 7, 16-25; 8, 1-29.

Monday May 20.—Without God.—Joshua 9, 3-21.

Tuesday, May 21.—Victory.—Joshua 10, 1-14.

Wednesday, May 22.—Steadfastness.—Joshua 10, 40; 14, 6-14; 17, 14-18.

Thursday, May 23.—Cities of Refuge.—Joshua 20, 1-8; 21, 44-45; 22, 1-6.

Friday May 24.—Council.—Joshua 23, 1-16.

Saturday, May 25.—Renewing Vows.—Joshua 24, 16-22.

### DON'T YOU CARE?

They are dying by tens! Do you know it?  
Dying without the light,  
They know not Christ as their Saviour;  
His cross is hid from their sight.  
They are dying by hundreds! O, hear it!

In chains of ignorance bound!  
They see not their need of a Saviour—  
The Saviour whom you have found.  
They are dying by thousands! Believe it!

Oh, what are you going to do?  
Your Saviour cares for these lost ones,  
And longs to bless them through you,  
They are dying by millions!

All over the world's wide lands;  
In Africa, Japan and China.

Can you sit with idle hands?  
Dying while you are all sleeping,  
Dying while you are at play,  
Dying while you laugh and chatter,  
Dying by night and by day.—Sel.

### SPREAD HIS GLORY.

Great the joy to hear of Jesus,  
Taste His love's unchanging might,  
Know the peace of sin forgiven,  
Pressing forward into light,  
Sweet to feel that he will guide us  
Daily, hourly, by His grace,  
And to have Him walk beside us  
As the heavenward path we trace.

But if any bliss be greater,  
If a deeper joy may be,  
'Tis to lead the heavy-laden

All His kingly love to see.  
Good to know the wondrous story,  
Better at His feet to fall;  
But to spread abroad His glory—  
This, methinks, is best of all.

### A NATION WAKING!

'Mid the strife of tongues and nations,  
And the clash of arms there rings  
Through the world a sound that reacheth

To the very heart of things.  
Few it may be they who hear it,  
Though it echoes through the air  
With a strange persistent power,  
Calling, calling unto prayer.

Sound as of a nation waking  
From an age-long, death-like sleep;  
With a cry of hope which moveth  
Wandering eyes to watch and weep.  
Judah's heart once more toward Zion  
Turns with passionate desire;  
But alas, no indication  
Of the Holy Spirit's Fire.

God is working, and is looking,  
To His Church for sympathy;  
With His purpose He would bring us  
Into closer harmony;

Church of Christ, awake and listen;  
Loudly calleth He to-day,  
Seek my wandering sheep, beloved,  
Pray for Israel—Pray, oh, pray!

Dearly still the Shepherd loves them  
Blind and lost, but still His own;  
And He bids us seek and find them  
And His wondrous love make known.  
If we want to be like Jesus  
We must share His deep concern  
For His wilful, wandering people,  
And our love like His must burn.

Burn in self-denying effort,  
And believing, constant prayer,  
That in all our Gospel blessings  
Many thousands yet may share.  
If that love to us so precious,  
Dearer grows day by day,  
Then 'twill surely make us ever  
Prompt and eager to obey.

Search thy heart, oh search, beloved,  
Could you see the Saviour stand,  
Listening for your intercession,  
Holding out His pierced hand?  
Would the gifts you place within it,  
And the prayers you plead and vow,  
Flow more freely—or exactly  
Be the same as they are now?—Sel.



# A DAY WITH A FIELD OFFICER.

A War Cry Representative Becomes the Lieutenant of Adjutant Bloss, of Brantford, for a Day, and in this Article Describes Their Doings.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is an interesting narrative. It is more; it is instructive. It shows the kind of life and work to which the Salvation Army invites young men and women to devote themselves. Never in the world's history has there been such an open door to honor and usefulness in the service of humanity as that afforded by the Salvation Army. Will you enter?



FIELD OFFICER in the Salvation Army ought to be one of the happiest of mortals. At least, that is the candid opinion of a War Cry man after he had spent a day with Adj. Fred Bloss, of the Brantford corps. This is what our representative says:

I had ample opportunity of ascertaining how an ordinary week day is put in by the average F.O., and the following gives a fair view of the God-glorifying daily labors of our officers throughout the Dominion:—

One of the causes of the field officer's happiness is the fact that he lives not for himself, but is practically a "servant of all," consecrated to the high and holy mission of doing men good, both for this life and the next.

Another cause for enjoyment is that as a rule, his is a busy life. Then, again, an officer must derive a large amount of happiness from his work, owing to it being so full of human interest. He is constantly meeting with all classes of people, who have learned to regard him as their friend, and his advice is sought on every conceivable matter, and his help and interest solicited for every variety of need.

## A Day's Happenings.

To illustrate these statements I will recount the various happenings on a certain Thursday at the Corps above mentioned. It was just previous to Self-Denial Week, and therefore a certain element of the extraordinary entered into the day's activities, but, nevertheless, it proved to be a fair sample of the usual doings of a field officer on any day of the week.

Early in the morning the Adjutant was off on his wheel to call on a certain gentleman before he went to business, for the purpose of securing a donation. He returned from his visit rejoicing over a generous gift of five dollars. During breakfast a letter arrived from a prominent merchant in town, with another five dollars enclosed. All the business men of Brantford seem to appreciate the Army work and speak very favorably of our Immigration policy.

When breakfast and family prayers were over, the Adjutant mapped out a plan of visitation for the forenoon, and we set out together to put it into effect. It was interesting to note the different characters we drifted up against that morning. As their minds differed, and as their affections for good or evil were greater or less, so their needs varied. The work of an Army officer, therefore, is no mere soulless performance, but a living spiritual labor of love, demanding the highest wisdom, the best intelligence, and the most rational judgment.

## A Touching Incident.

Here is a touching little incident which gives some insight into a very frequent occurrence in an officer's life. In a little cottage, close by a large factory, lived a poor old man who had fallen sick. One of the soldiers had told the Adjutant about it, and he determined to go and see the sick man

and extend the sympathy of the Army to him. The old man seemed somewhat surprised to see who his visitors were, but after talking for a while on various topics, we gained his confidence, and the iciness disappeared. He looked very weak and emaciated, and informed us that he had been ill for over six weeks. The Adjutant very tactfully introduced the subject of Salvation, and drew him out to express his true feelings upon spiritual matters. He was an Episcopalian, he said, and his wife was a Catholic, but they never disagreed about each other's religious opinions. Probably, neither of them had any very pronounced views about the matter. The old man owned up that he was not converted, but said he often thought about the matter, and at times, desired to give God his heart. We prayed for him, and with tears in his eyes, he grasped the Adjutant's hand, and promised to serve God for the future.

## All Things To All Men.

On the way to the factory, we called to see a soldier of the Corps, and the Adjutant made an enquiry respecting a room she had for rent. This threw a light on another phase of his work. Not only is the officer called upon to minister to the spiritual needs of the people, but he has often to be on the hustle hunting up lodgings or houses for new-comers, finding them work, and in general seeing to their comfort and welfare.

Sometimes he is regarded as a lost property bureau, as the following will show: We had toiled up several flights of stairs in search of some rooms for an immigrant family. On our way down again, after we had inspected them, we met two men who were looking for an office in the same building. One of them poured a story into the Adjutant's ear about how he had lost a sewing machine at Halifax, on his way out here. He wanted to know if the Salvation Army could help him to regain his missing property. As he had come out under Army auspices, we thought the Immigration Office would know something of the matter, and so advised him to drop a line to Brigadier Howell, who would doubtless trace the strayed machine for him. He seemed quite cheered up by the confident tone in which this advice was given.

## A Busy Half Hour.

"Well, I had a busy half hour the other day," said the Adjutant, as he was relating some of his reminiscences later. "To begin with, a man who lived opposite the barracks called me over and said that he had noticed a certain repair which the roof needed, and he was willing to give two dollars towards the cost if I would get it done. He was an unconverted man, and had never been to church for forty years, but for some time past he had attended the Army meetings, and took quite an interest in our property.

A few minutes later, I was passing a bank and a man came to me and said that the manager desired to see me. I went in and was cordially received by that gentleman. He said that he had noticed what a lot of

people the Army were bringing out this year, and that if any were coming to the town, he would be glad of their patronage, if they had any money to deposit. Just then a leading business man came up and warmly complimented me on the playing of the band. He was especially delighted because they had held their open-air near his private residence one Sunday, and wanted them to come again. Then he asked me if I could obtain a gardener for him, and I promised to do what I could in that direction. Before I left he gave me a five dollar bill as a donation to the Band fund. A little later I was stopped by a policeman, who asked me if I had seen a certain man who was "wanted," and I had no sooner given him my answer when a man stepped up to me and asked if I would sign a paper recommending him as a fit person to adopt a child from a certain institution. So you see we have to be "all things to all men" in the Army.

## A Strange Incident.

I then plied the Adjutant with many questions as to the various activities of the corps, and ascertained that the influence of the Army is felt by all sections of the community. At the House of Refuge for Old People the League of Mercy members conduct monthly meetings with the inmates. Once a week a meeting is held in the town gaol, and the privilege was given the prisoners of coming out to the penitent form to seek salvation. Hardly a week passed but some were won to God. A rather strange incident occurred one night in connection with the prison. A young woman had been locked up for certain reasons, and her conduct in the cells rather alarmed the officials. They sent over to the Army, therefore, to see if they could help them at all in pacifying her. A meeting was in progress at the time, but several sisters volunteered to go and see her. Mrs. Adjutant Bloss made up a nice little lunch, and armed with this the sisters soon succeeded in getting the refractory prisoner quietened down. In the morning the authorities sent her off to some institution.

Then War Cry selling is an important branch of corps work. The Adjutant has a fine force of boomers, and altogether they dispose of 350 copies a week. We are sure this must influence a great many for righteousness.

## Sympathy With Converts.

In the afternoon we were again on the warpath. Several recent converts were on the list to be visited, and a word of encouragement was given to each, accompanied by an injunction to be sure to be at the meeting that night. This was certain to make them feel that an interest was taken in their spiritual welfare, and that someone sympathised with them in their early trials and struggles. Sympathy goes a long way with young converts, and the careful bringing up of these "babes in Christ" forms a very important part of an officer's work. Comforting the sick and afflicted amongst his own people, and cheering them in

their times of despondency and discouragement, is also another privilege of the F.O. More often than not he gets richly blessed himself by visiting some of these "shut in" saints. We called upon brother Walter Scott in the course of the afternoon. For the past nine years he has been paralysed and unable to move about by himself, but we found him enjoying a beautiful experience and maintaining a child-like trust in his Heavenly Father. Twenty-four years ago, the Salvation Army, by the grace of God, rescued him from the drink, and ever since he has praised God for His marvellous keeping power, and in spite of his terrible affliction has kept sweet and humble in his soul.

## Two Old Men.

Amongst the unsaved and utterly godless, too, the officer moves, and though he often meets with criticisms and sometimes abuse, he endeavors to point them all to the Christ of Calvary. We called at one house where lived two very wicked old men. No one ever visited them, and they were left severely alone on account of their sinfulness.

We thought a kind word and an invitation to the meeting would do no harm anyway. Going round the back entrance we came face to face with a burly, thick-set individual with an iron-grey beard. He was lounging carelessly in the doorway, and scowled fiercely as we approached. "Well, what might you want?" he growled out, in a tone of contempt. We explained that we had called to see him and give him an invitation to a Salvation Army meeting.

"Don't want you or your Army either. I never go to no religious places at all, so you can clear out of here."

"That is a sad state to be in," we said. "Don't you ever think about your soul, and your need of getting converted?"

## A Rebuff.

He assumed a threatening attitude, and began to pour out a torrent of abuse on us; so, seeing that it was not much use to argue with him, we withdrew.

"We will pray for you," we called out as we went towards the gate.

"Taint no use your praying for me," he shouted after us. "Go home and pray for yourselves."

We could only hope that our visit would lead him to think that someone in the town cared for his soul, and that would perhaps be the means of his getting concerned himself. We then called upon a woman whose husband had made a profession of conversion a day or two previous. She was deeply touched, and requested us to pray for her. As we prayed she commenced to sob, and then asked us to sing "Shall we gather at the river." She joined in the singing, with a voice shaking with emotion.

We rightly surmised that some chord of memory had been stirred by our prayers, and ascertained that her little one had passed over the river a short time ago. We invited her to the

(Concluded on page 11.)

# PARAGRAPHS & PICTURES

## What a Salvation Song Did.

While a Salvation song was being sung, accompanied by an organ, in a home where there was an imbecile, the unfortunate, after listening a while, began to cry bitterly. His mother, thinking that he was suffering, asked him if he was sick. He never had the power of speech, so he shook his head signifying no! but he kept on crying. When again he was asked what was the matter, he, with the tears streaming down his poor face, placed one hand on his heart and with the other pointed heavenward—that moment he was converted. He lived a changed life. Several years after, when dying, he again testified by placing his hand on his heart and pointing upwards.—Mrs. H. E. McKay, Annapolis, N.S.

## A Javanese Funeral.

### Some Curious Burial Customs.

A woman recently passed away at Rogo Moeljo, (Java) who had been dealt with by our officers. As she lay dying she gave a clear testimony of Salvation. The Officers attended the funeral, and, notwithstanding the presence

the priest took one of the vessels of water, followed by half a dozen others, who assisted in drenching the body until there was no water remaining. The body was again carried inside, and a number of men, paid for the



War Cry Boomers of Morrisburg, Ont.  
Publication Sergt. Smith (standing).  
J. S.-M. Larinour.

## A Remarkable Revival.

### HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The little outpost attached to a certain corps had a reputation for hardness.

Only two Salvation soldiers lived there, and for over a year no converts had been made.

The Captain at the Corps, which was five miles away, made a desperate effort once to revive things, and sent her two Lieutenants to hold special meetings there for a week.

The only result of the effort was that the two lasses came back utterly discouraged, and declared that nothing could be done.

The two Salvationists who lived there were the sons of an old widow, and now the eldest one determined to leave the village and go on a cruise for awhile. He too, was very much discouraged.

Thus left to himself, the younger son still conducted the meetings, and one Thursday night a most remarkable influence was felt, though no one got saved.

That night his sister lay dying, and the young man sat by her side. He was singing the old songs he loved so



The Dutch Immigrants as They Worked in the Distillery.—See page 5.

A funeral service was conducted a little later, and the young men of the village seemed quite broken-hearted at the loss of one who had lived such an exemplary life before them, and warned them of judgment to come.

As they stood around the coffin to have a last look at the corpse, the mother warned each one to be ready to meet God, as her boy was.

At the meeting that evening, over forty broken-hearted and repentant people knelt at the Mercy Seat, and the Captain had a glorious wind-up, by getting everyone to sing:

"I'll be true to the Cross of Calvary."

—Mrs. Adj. Howell.

## Ready to Go Too.

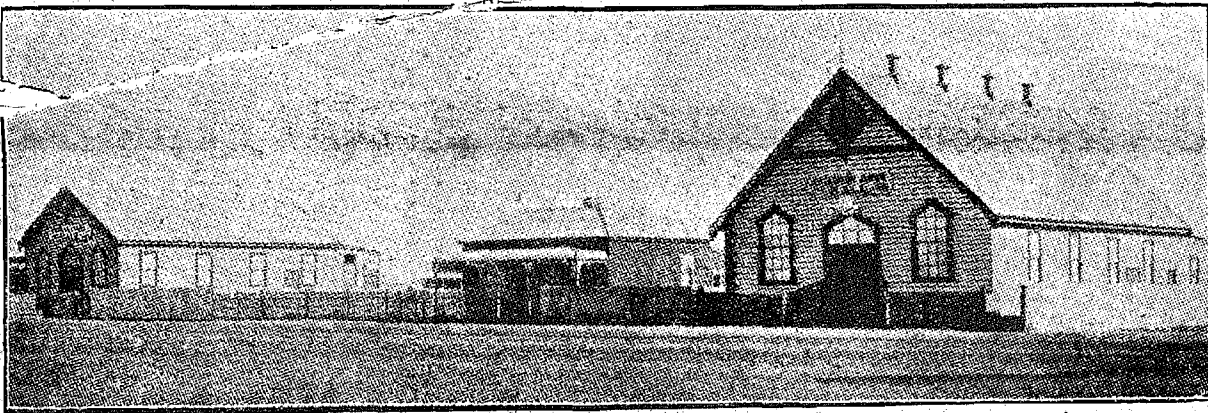
### A Touching Indian Incident.

Plague, in epidemic form, is seriously on the increase in Almedabad and adjacent villages. Anand and Samarkha are both very badly affected—in fact, they have become villages of desolation and death. In a recent dispatch, Lieut.-Colonel Sukh Singh states that at one of the Soldier's Homes at Samarkha, it was most pathetic to observe a man sitting at his door, bemoaning the loss of his wife and six children, he being the only one left of the household. At another house, one of the brightest boys of the Anand Day School lay writhing in pain. An Officer knelt and prayed with him, when he exclaimed, "I am trusting in Jesus; my father has died and gone to heaven and I am ready to go too." The old man attendant slipped four annas into the Officer's hands as he left, saying, "The lad wants to give this for the collection."

Lieut.-Colonel Sukh Singh and his wife have been visiting the affected villages, dispensing relief and comfort.

### TWO CLAIM VICTORY.

We can report another week of victory at St. John I. Under Bandmaster West our band is progressing favorably. They gave a musical entertainment last Thursday, and did well. One brother claimed the blessing of a clean heart on Sunday morning, and at night one soul sought salvation. Capt. Willar was with us for the week-end, and assisted us greatly. —Lieut. Nock, for Ensign Cornish.



Our Junior Hall, Officers' Quarters, and Senior Building at Boulder City, Australia.

of Mohammedan priests, pleaded with the husband and children to accept Christ.

The description given of the funeral is remarkable. Much formality was displayed, but no notice was taken of the bereaved ones, except by our own Officers.

Previous to the body being conveyed to the cemetery, it was taken outside and placed on a stand made for the purpose, around which a gutter had been dug. Near at hand, stood a dozen large vessels full of water and a company of women vigorously scrubbed and brushed the body with soap. Then

purpose, gathered round to pray. Subsequently the remains were placed in a deep grave, face downward, and covered with bamboo and the various things that had been used in connection with the funeral.

As a last gift from the dead to the poor, a large basin of rice was prepared and colored by the aid of saffron, about fifty brightly-polished cents being afterwards placed in the food. This extraordinary preparation was sparsely scattered along the line of route to the cemetery, the village children picking up the cents as they fell.

well, and the sounds floated down to the little kitchen, where sat the old mother:

"Roll on, dark stream,  
We fear not thy foam!"

Why did the singer pause so suddenly? The old lady became uneasy, and some of the neighbors who had come in to have a chat with her went upstairs to see if anything was wrong.

They peeped in at the door. "How strange he looks, whatever can be the matter?" remarked one.

The old mother pushed her way past them all and entered the room.

Her boy was dead.

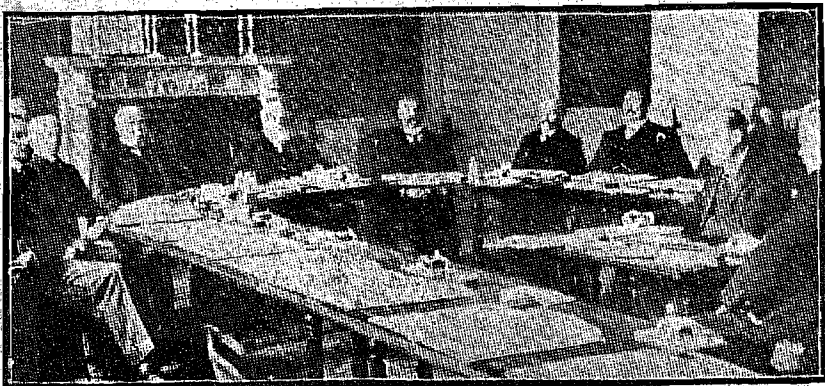
The Captain at the Corps soon heard the news, and journeyed down to console the widow as best she could.

"Whatever can I say?" she was asking herself all the way down, and she prayed fervently that God would give her words of hope and comfort to the bereaved soul.

Instead of finding the old lady overwhelmed with grief, as she expected, the Captain was glad to see her bright and almost cheerful, as she came to meet her.

"Why, mother," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you so resigned to God's will."

"Ah, my dear," replied the old lady, "the waters are deep, but His grace is sufficient."



The Conference in Session at the Colonial Office.

The figures from left to right are: Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Elgin, Mr. Deakin, Dr. Jameson, General Botha, and Sir William Lyne.



# From the Dyke-land to the Land of the Maple Leaf.

A Remarkably Interesting Story, Showing How the Men of Holland Went on Strike Against the Devil's Work and Wages.



The Hollander at Home—A Scene in Schiedam.

**D**UTCH Courage—This is a term we usually associate with that false valour begotten of sly resource to the rum bottle.

Of different nature, however, is the Dutch courage of which I write. It is the courage of belief and of prayer, and, as such, has conquered.

Let me here relate how the devil's service was changed for Christ's, and how it is that Canada to-day is the richer for the settling within the Dominion of five families of Dutch immigrants, numbering, in all, forty-two souls.

They are natives of Schiedam, Holland, and have worked all their lives as distillers of the famous—or should I write "infamous"—Holland gin.

I think that most of us, when speaking of Holland, picture to ourselves a land in which the men, rosy cheeked and rotund of body, spend their days lazily lounging on quaint quays, puffing at curiously shaped pipes, or quaffing copious draughts of beer from long schooners. A land where the women, smiling and happy, and dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, stroll about green meadows with milking stool under arm, and hands set jauntily on lissom hips. Believe me, the distillers of Schiedam know nothing of these dream pictures. For them, a life of grinding toil, week in and week out; for work-day or Sunday, the vats must be tended, that men shall not run short of the devil's drink—gin.

## An Eventful Sunday Morning.

On a certain Sunday morning, some some few years ago, G. Hoogstad was making his way across the sand dunes at Schiedam toward the gin distillery. In his hand he was carrying the can which he would fill with spirits for his own consumption during the day. Hoogstad was not a merry man on that Sabbath morning; the fumes of the last night's liquor were still in his brain, making yet more difficult the problem of how to keep wife and twelve children on a sum equivalent to five dollars a week. Moodily turning this over in his mind as he walked, he was startled to hear the sound of music and singing, coming from some place out of sight, but not far distant; he made his way toward the sound, and came upon an open-air meeting of Salvationists.

Hoogstad was interested; so much

so that he forgot to fetch the gin.

For three weeks he attended the meetings, not missing one, and, at the end of that time, was converted and enrolled a soldier of Salvation.

Good for Hoogstad.

Good, also, for Hoogstad's companions and fellow-workers at the distillery; for, within quite a short space of time, four other heads of families were converted, and doing good work for the Master among their fellows.

## A Musical Quintette.

All of them joined the Army band. Hoogstad's instrument was the juba, which he learned to play under the tuition of the Schiedam Corps Bandmaster. These events happened in 1896, and since then the five soldiers have been doing their best to break away from the work of distilling the soul-destroying spirit.

Harder than the work, however, worse than the long hours and meagre pay, was the fact that the labor of their hands resulted in the manufacture of more and yet more of the intoxicating liquid. Yet, what were they to do?

They were poor, and utterly unable to obtain other work; neither could

they afford to give up that which they had, and, forsaking the town of Schiedam, seek employment in other cities. Labor conditions in Holland were, and are, just as bad as can be. Each of these five men was a husband and father; together, their families totalled forty-two souls, of which number thirty-two were children.

Many and earnest were their prayers that the Master should find a way for them, that the path should be pointed out whereby they might shake off the fetters and cease to be, indirectly, workers in the devil's employ.

## What The General Said.

One day it happened that our friend Hoogstad was at the meeting at Rotterdam when the General said "If I cannot take the cause of drinking away, I will take the people from the cause."

This remark strongly impressed Hoogstad and his fellow Salvationists, and, after thinking and praying over the matter, they wrote a letter (in Dutch) to the General, putting their case before him. He replied saying he would like to help them to emigrate to Canada, if they, on their side, would also help themselves.

Adjutant Knüttel immediately got busy, and collected some hundreds of guilders, to which was added money from the English Headquarters.

This was good, but the men of Schiedam were still very anxious, for all the money needed was not yet raised.

Time went on, and one morning Hoogstad went to Amsterdam to ask how the fund stood, and was told by Adjutant Fryling that they were still 600 guilders short.

Our distiller friend was feeling a bit "down" when the Adjutant asked, "Have you belief that the money can be raised in Schiedam?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"In that case," said the Adjutant, "so have I belief."

Together they went back to Schiedam, arriving there at 6 p.m.

## A Rapid Collection.

With the assistance of the Town Clerk—who had also been saved at one of the meetings—they collected the money in four hours. Thus triumphed prayer and belief. At parting, the owner of the distillery invited them all into his house, providing refreshment, and expressing his sorrow at their going, giving one and all splendid characters.

At the public farewell meeting one of the town officials remarked "that which is Schiedam's loss is Canada's gain."

On board the Vancouver, sailing under S.A. auspices, the writer had the opportunity of observing these soldiers of Holland, together with their families, and was most favorably impressed by their appearance and behaviour.

They are, undoubtedly, the right type. Earnest soldiers, of good physique, with determination and desire to work. Employment has been found for them at the big furniture factory at Chesley; Captain Govaars—who conducted the party from Holland—journeying with them and seeing them comfortably settled in their new homes, which are found and furnished by their employers.

The writer has but little fear that this tiny community of ten adults and thirty-two children will prove good citizens of the Dominion, and workers for the Master and the flag of Salvation.



The Dutch Immigrants whose Interesting Story is Told on This Page.

## A Good Settlement.

Since writing the above I have interviewed Captain Govaars, who accompanied this party to Chesley. He reports that their new employer, Mr. Conrad Krug, who is Mayor of Chesley, met them at the station, together with other prominent townsmen and Salvation Army Captain Varnall and the Sergeant-Major of the Chesley Corps. The reception was most cordial, the party being escorted to the barracks where a lunch was provided. The five families were then taken to their homes by Captain Govaars and the Mayor. These homes are well furnished by their employer, who intends, in a few weeks time, to start building some houses for these immigrants, and allowing them to occupy same, by monthly instalments, and to eventually become the owners. This gentleman is so pleased with these families that he wants the Army to bring him some more like them. At the open-air on Saturday night a large and enthusiastic crowd welcomed the newcomers; following this there was a well-attended indoor meeting.

The Captain of the Chesley Corps told the party how glad she was to see them there. The Dutchmen, however, needed no assurance from anyone, for, actions speaking louder than words, they were made to feel by the many little acts of kindness which were showered on them, that they were indeed being given the glad hand. They told Captain Govaars that they could not express their gratitude to God and the Army for all that had been done for them. Here for the present we must leave them with a bright future ahead, and renewed faith that underneath are the Everlasting Arms.—Barry Cumming.

## An Immigrant's Experience.

Separated at Liverpool, Re-united at Kingston, Ont.

Some time ago, an English immigrant, his wife and child, boarded ship at Liverpool for Canada. Before leaving, a medical officer reported the child ill with diphtheria, and mother and child were hurried ashore. The father was not told in time, and the ship had sailed before he learned the facts. From Halifax, the father cabled for news, but got none. He came to Kingston, and got work in the corporation. The child recovered speedily, and mother and child sailed in the next ship. They, too, came to Kingston. They went under the Salvation Army care, but soon the mother was sent to the maternity ward in the hospital. The Army Officers searched for the father, sending letters all over, and happily got trace of him in this city. His joy knew no bounds when told of his wife's whereabouts, and it is even said that when he was informed that there was a new member of the family, in the person of a fine bouncing boy, he danced a jig on the roadway.

The re-union which took place at the hospital was indeed a happy one.

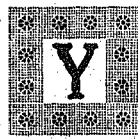
## From South America.

Family Reaches Saskatoon, After Journeying Since Beginning of January.

An Irish family of immigrants by the name of O'Gorman, recently arrived at Saskatoon from South America, having been journeying hitherward ever since January 7th, or more than three months. The eight boys and girls of the family were all born

# The Great Need OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.



ES, the Great Need is undoubtedly men and women.

I APPEAL FOR THEM.

There is no Branch of our World-wide Operations which is not at this very moment hampered and hindered for the want of consecrated, Love-Baptized Workers.

It is true in Europe.

It is true in Africa.

It is true in Asia.

It is true in America.

It is true in Australasia.

It is true in the West Indies, in the Dutch Indies, and in all the Islands of the Seas.

One cry goes up from all—"Send us Holy Men and Women!"

And the Need is alike pressing in each of the many Departments into which the work of The Army has been organized.

This is the need of the Soul-Saving work.

It is the need of the platforms from which we declare Salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is the need of the Corps and of the places where we have no Corps!

It is the need of the Heathen World.

It is the need of the Social Work—Men's and Women's.

It is the need of the Medical and Nursing Hospital Work.

It is the need of the Training and Educational Work.

It is the need of Editorial and Literary Departments.

It is the need of the Trading and Business Departments.

It is the need of the Financial Work.

Everywhere The Army is confronted by OPEN DOORS TO PEOPLE. Never in our history have there been so many, never have they been so important, never have their various claims been so pressing.

It is not that we have less men and women standing to their vows and faithful to their Lord. No, thank God! we have more than ever we had. It is not that they are less devoted or less capable. No, they are more capable and bet-

in the Argentine Republic. The family read of the Canadian West in a newspaper; sent to Liverpool for literature, and now they are here. En route here, their ship caught fire at sea, and for three days and nights the pumps were kept going continuously. The little O'Gormans were greatly delighted with the snow they found at Halifax.

## STIRRING TIMES AT THE MINES.

Moving Pictures—A Wedding—and Knee-Drill Attendance Doubled.

We have had stirring times at Springhill, lately. Ensign Sheard was with us for the week-end, and his singing was much appreciated, as were the moving pictures that he showed.

ter equipped and just as devoted as ever.

That is not what makes the Need.

On the contrary it is just because God has been pleased to so bless The Army and to use the Men and Women who have already given their lives to it that these Mighty Opportunities stand before us.

That is what has made the Open Door!

My heart aches with saying we cannot enter in—I have to say it every day with many forms of words—but the meaning is ever the same. We cannot enter into this great Opportunity and that, to that vast Field and the other—because we have not the Men and Women who will go.

We cannot seek out the Lost Sheep as we would.

We cannot love and care for the Homeless and Sick as we ought.

We cannot stop the horrors of the Slums as we might.

We cannot claim the deceived and broken-hearted Wanderers.

We cannot fetch the Prodigals home.

We cannot call the dying Heathen to the Arms of Jesus.

We cannot feed the starving Children.

We cannot stop the cruelties of the Wicked.

We cannot staunch the wound of Sin and heal the hurt of the People as we so easily could, for the want of men.

We want all kinds of Helpers. Every type of nature, every school of thought, every class of Society, every branch of trade—all, all are needed if only they are ready for Battle with Evil, and touched by the Fire of Love to God and man, Who will go?

Do you say, "What about a call?"

Comrade, the call was sounded on the Hill of Calvary long ago. It came from the parched lips and broken heart of a Dying Man who was the Sacrifice for us all.

The Cross is the Call.

The Blood is the Call.

LOVE IS THE CALL.

Will you say, "Here am I!"

If so, write at once to the Candidates' Secretary, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto, and ask for advice.

Brother Wetherbee and Sister Minnie Beck were married by Major Phillips during the week. Great interest was created by this event, as our Brother is well known and respected in the town. Sister Beck has not been among us long, but she has proved herself a true soldier of Christ. She was converted in Kentville. Both are much interested in the Junior Work.

The hall was well filled, and a banquet was given after the ceremony. The next day a reception was held at their house, and the drill troupe entertained to supper.

Commissioner Coombs visited us recently, with his wonderful limelight service. Many hard hearts were touched and softened by it.

Our numbers at knee-drill were doubled last week.—Mrs. Thompson.

## Glance at the World.

## CANADIAN.

The Albert Reed Pulp Company is to build a \$500,000 pulpmill in Newfoundland, in the Exploits valley.

The C.P.R. elevator at Yorkton, Sask., collapsed, and 20,000 bushels of grain are spread over the railway tracks.

In the digging of a well in Calgary, within the city limits, two seams of semi-bituminous coal have been discovered.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, it is said, is likely to succeed in arranging with Sir Joseph Ward to have the new Australian mail service run via Vancouver.

C. P. R. officials, who recently met President Roosevelt in Washington, express themselves as greatly impressed with his personality, and the amount and accuracy of his information on matters connected with Canadian railway affairs.

## FOREIGN.

Southern Italy is enjoying a combination of snow storm, earthquake, and volcano.

Acute famine is reported from Turkish Armenia. Hundreds of peasants are dying.

A derelict is reported from Sable Island directly in the track of Atlantic liners.

Stromboli is in violent eruption, one shock being so violent that a window was broken in Messina, 50 miles away.

Drumhead court-martial has expired in Russia. Under it 1,144 persons have been executed, and 79 sent to the mines for life.

A great dam near Chihuahua, Mexico, has given way, killing between fifteen and twenty workmen, and injuring many others.

Five thousand longshoremen are on strike at New York. Tramp freighters are tied up, and some big liners are seriously affected.

There are in Paris seven free eating houses for poor mothers. Instruction is also given in them as to the proper feeding of infants.

General Kuroki, the famous Japanese war officer, and party, received a royal welcome at Seattle when they landed, on their way to the Jamestown Exhibition.

In Canton, China, by a terrific explosion in a powder magazine, over a hundred and fifteen buildings were wrecked, two hundred feet of the great city wall blown to fragments, and over a hundred persons injured.

The British tank steamer "Silverlip," on her way from Singapore, was destroyed in the Bay of Biscay by an explosion in which the engineer and four firemen were killed and four others of the crew seriously burned.

Anti-European agitators succeeded in working up a serious riot in Rawal Pindi, a fortified town on the upper Indus. Before they were dispersed they destroyed a power plant, robbed the post-office and a church, and destroyed many European residences.

## TEN SOULS IN THE FOUNTAIN.

Brigadier Burditt was at Edmonton for Sunday. Splendid crowds stood around the open-airs, and the hall was packed to the door. We finished up at 11 p.m. with ten souls in the fountain. The finances were excellent. Capt. Shepherd has arrived to help push on the war.—Bob Southall.



## Territorial Tit-Bits.

At Gibraltar the recent Self-Denial effort is in advance of any previous year's total, the handsome sum of £105 having been collected. The Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, who recently visited "The Rock," contributed to the funds of the N. and M. Home before leaving. Mrs. Staff-Captain Souter has learned sufficient Spanish to be able to converse direct with some poor girls whom she has been visiting in the brothels, which are sadly too common in a certain part of the town.

The annual Self-Denial effort in Germany shows a clear increase of ten thousand marks over last year's amount, the actual figures being 63,000 marks. The effort and its success have aroused wide-spread enthusiasm among Salvationists, stirred up public interest in the Army, and impressed upon all the unbounded opportunities before our work in the Fatherland.

A new Social Institution, intended as a home for English girls, has been opened in the heart of Paris by Mrs. Commissioner Cosandey, under very favorable circumstances. It has received the warm commendation of the public press. Major Caroline Betchen has been placed in charge of the new institution.

While the man Ferraira, and the other members of the gang of raiders who were condemned to death, were awaiting at Kimberly the confirmation or otherwise of the sentence, they were regularly visited by one of our officers. They have now been transferred to the Cape Town Breakwater Convict Station. Ferraira has made a request that he should be visited by an Army officer in his new surroundings, and, conformably of course with the prison regulations, will receive attention from the officer who visits this establishment. The visiting officer at Kimberly states that they were very attentive to his ministrations, and gave evidence of having humbly and sincerely sought the forgiveness of their sins and peace with God.

A gentleman died in New Zealand recently, who for many years was deeply interested in Salvation Army operations, and particularly in our Social Work. His will has just been proved, and, as far as is known at present, he has left something like £9,000 or £10,000 to the S. A., to be devoted specifically to our Social Work in New Zealand.

Brigadier Yesu Pathani, who recently completed an inspection of the Changanachary Division of the South Indian Territory, reports that in his eleven meetings held at the different corps, 341 souls sought salvation and holiness, and out of this number 153 were heathen, who never previously attended Army meetings. A large percentage of these have now been enrolled as Salvationists.

Five night schools are now being operated by the Army in the Southern Division of the United States. At Montgomery, Ala., Augusta, Ga., Columbia, S.C., and Anniston, Ala., the school work has been carried on by the corps officers in addition to the regular meetings, and much good has been accomplished among the mill people. At Greenville, S.C., Lieutenant Bays has been specially appointed to educational work. The record proves that a good work is going on.

# THREE GENERATIONS, Or, The Christ-Mayor's Family.

By Colonel Lawley.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a charming Missionary story, and is worthy to rank as one of the most interesting romances of the Mission Field. Don't fail to read it.



SOYEDA SAN was the son of a business man who was the Official head or Mayor of a Japanese village situated about 150 miles from Tokyo. The father being anxious that his son should receive the best possible education, sent him to a university in the capital of his own country. About seven years ago, while attending to his studies, he was attracted to the Army's meetings, light from Heaven shone across his path, he was convicted of sin, and finally persuaded to accept Christ as his Saviour. He became a flame of fire, talked to every one he met, about God and salvation, and wherever he went, he had the joy of leading many to the Fountain of living waters. He was commissioned Treasurer, and without doubt he fought a good fight.

## Lingering by the River.

In 1902 he was taken ill and compelled to give up his studies and return home. To those who knew him best, and loved him most, it soon became apparent that consumption had seized him, and die he must. His illness, however, was a lingering one. For several months he lay on the verge of the River and at the Gates of Death. It would, however, appear that the All-Wise One had a purpose even in this, for he was dying in a village where not a soul knew his Saviour. So Soyeda San was allowed to linger near the Portals of Heaven, so as to call the attention of mother and father, of brothers and sisters, of friends and of neighbours, in fact, call the attention of the people far and near to the wonderful salvation he had found.

## Alone, Yet Not Alone.

As you will readily imagine, his father and mother and family were very much impressed with his earnestness of soul. His perfect trust, his unwavering faith, his unshaken confidence, his blooming hope and his bright prospects for the future. Just think for a moment, and let us try and picture this youth—for he was only nineteen—dying, away up in this country village. In one sense he was alone, with not a comrade within 100 miles, there was no voice to cheer him, no hand to support him, no saintly arms to uphold him, there was no one to offer prayer, sing a song or hold his hand in death. There he lingered, but oh, so bright! Did I say he was alone? True, in one sense he was alone, but in another, no, no, no! Not alone; for God was with him! The One Who said "Lo, I am with you always," held his hand and supported him to the last.

I have already said that his loved ones were greatly impressed with his conquering faith, and they, without doubt, longed for the same rest of soul.

## An Arrangement With the Army.

Seeing there were no Christians in the village, and no Corps within 150 miles, he persuaded his father to write to the Salvation Army Headquarters, pressing, that after his death an officer might be sent up to bury him. This, as you will judge, was readily agreed to, and soon after this arrangement had been made, the Colonel received a wire announcing his death, and an

Officer was despatched to bury him. The funeral service made a great impression upon all—particularly upon the father, who was at this time addicted to drink and many other vile sins.

The father, after the death of his noble son, became more and more anxious about his own soul, and, as his son was gone, and there was no one in the village who could teach him the way of salvation, he made up his mind that he would get to know somehow. So he came to Tokyo, lodged in an hotel, and went to hear of Jesus at the same Corps where his son got converted.

## Seven Years Later.

For a week he attended every meeting. The Officer in charge frequently dealt with him about his soul, and at the end of the seven days, he knelt at the same Mercy Seat at which his son had found Jesus, seven years before.

He at once returned home, and preached Christ to the villagers. He sold War Crys wherever he went, and thus became known as the Christ-Mayor.

One of his friends, another business man, also a great drinker, was stricken down with the gospel hammer, and as the Mayor did not feel quite able to point him the right way, he brought him to Tokyo, took him to the meetings, and after several days, had the pleasure of leading his friend to the same Mercy Seat, pointing him to the same Saviour, and, in the same precious Fountain, seeing him have all his sins washed away. They returned home, commenced to hold meetings, and quite a number got saved.

## Three Generations.

The Christ-Mayor and his family have since removed to Tokyo, and what do you think has happened? Why, his daughter, his son, and his dear old, aged mother have all knelt at the feet of the same Saviour, and have been abundantly pardoned, and at the end of 1906, the three generations were sworn in as soldiers "Under the Blood and Fire Flag." But hold on, don't go, I must give you just one other word—it is this: his second son, the brother of our glorified comrade—is, as I write this, a Cadet in our Tokyo Training Home, and others of the family are coming on. Reader, is not this good news? We must give God all the glory, and crown Him Lord of all.

We have welcomed to the ranks of our Praying League a dear comrade of erstwhile Rescue Work days, Adjutant Jordan, who is now in charge of a Rescue Home under our old-time leader, Miss Booth, in Tappan, New York. Mrs. Jordan sent us a nice message for our League Column, telling of Rescue Work triumphs through prayer and faith, which our readers will remember perusing some weeks ago. And now Mrs. Jordan becomes a member of the Praying League. We give her a cordial greeting, and are glad to have this link with an old comrade of the Land of the Maple who is now fighting under the S. A. flag under the Stars and Stripes.

# Some Interesting Immigrants.

Lt.-Col. Friedrich Conducts Them to Halifax—A Quiet, Uneventful Voyage.

The Vancouver, with over 800 immigrants on board, arrived at Halifax on the 30th April, and was met by Adjutant Jennings and his assistants.

A number of colonists from Hadleigh Farm were also on board. They had greatly benefitted by their experience at the Colony, and were amongst the most appreciative passengers on the ship. They expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the way in which the Army looked after their interests. The majority have settled in Cape Breton.

The people were all on their journeys to their different destinations a few hours after landing. The majority were distributed amongst the towns in Ontario, and only a few went out West. Amongst the latter was a man, with his wife and six children, who had been living on starvation wages in London, and so had come out to better his position. He bore an excellent character, and was formerly in government employ, but an accident necessitated his resignation, and he was unable to get reinstated.

## A Good Send-Off.

The party had an enthusiastic send-off from Euston Station, London, Eng. The Highgate Band cheered them with their stirring music, and at the good-bye meeting Colonel Lamb spoke some encouraging words. The Hon. Gilbert and Mrs. Johnstone and "Salvation" Smith, of the Stock Exchange, also addressed the party. Amongst others present at the station to bid them God-speed were Lady Henry Somerset, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, and Colonel and Mrs. Kyle.

The immigrants were in charge of Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, who was assisted by Adjutant Thompson and Ensign Tudge. Mr. Barry Cumming, a London journalist, was a passenger, and did good service by organizing three concerts on the voyage. This helped to relieve the monotony of ocean travelling, and a nice little sum was raised for charitable purposes by the sale of programmes. Mr. Cumming is at present travelling through the Dominion with the object of gathering information about the new settlers, and writing articles on the subject of emigration to the London press. Several Salvation meetings were conducted on the way out, which were well attended by the passengers. On the whole, it was a calm, uneventful voyage, for which everyone felt grateful. The only mishap recorded was that of a man who got scalded through going to sleep in a bath. We trust he will meet with no more misfortunes than that, and will learn to keep awake in future.

## LIVING LIGHT.

His lamp am I—  
To shine where He shall say.  
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,  
Nor for the light of day,  
But for dark places of the earth,  
Where shame and wrong and crime  
Have birth:  
Or for the murky twilight gray  
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;  
Or where the light of faith grows dim,  
And souls are groping after Him,  
And as sometimes a flame we find,  
Clear, shining through the night,  
So bright we do not see the lamp,  
But only see the light,  
So may I shine—His light the flame—  
That men may glorify His name.

# THE WAR CRY.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

## Comments on Current Matters.

### THE NEED.

Elsewhere we give some particulars of the work of a Field Officer as revealed by one day's operations. Slight though this sketch is, it is sufficient to indicate the noble nature of the labor to which Army officers devote their lives. Nothing is more exalted, or exalting, than that of ministering to souls in need, of comforting the sorrow-stricken, helping the helpless, and leading lost souls to Christ. This is what the Salvation Army does, and more young men and women are wanted to engage in this glorious work. Will you be one? Elsewhere we reprint the burning words of the Chief of the Staff. Will you read them? They concern the Army's great need—humanity's great need. Give yourself to God to meet this need.

### THE GENERAL'S REFLECTIONS.

We publish in this issue some reflections by the General on his 78th birthday. Coming from such a person as the General, whose long life buttresses in the most substantial manner the words he says, they form the most interesting and inspiring combination of words and thoughts that the young people of this generation can read outside the covers of the Bible. The words of Christ, "He that loseth his life for My sake, shall find it," has been abundantly substantiated right down the ages, but we doubt if ever they received more abundant fulfillment than in the case of our beloved leader, and his life is a mighty inspiration to self-denial, cross-bearing and devotion to the service of the Master. May we again urge our younger readers to a life of consecration and officership in the Salvation Army.

We are very glad to be able to direct the attention of our readers to the excellent reception that has been experienced by the General in the Land of the Rising Sun, and thank God for this further manifestation of the honor He showers upon him, whom millions revere and multitudes greatly love.

### MATRIMONIAL VICTIMS.

Perhaps there is, humanly speaking, no more important step a man or woman can take, than to get married; and yet some people seem to act with the most incredible folly in matters matrimonial. According to the daily papers, the arrest of a couple of swindlers has unearthed a pretty scheme for getting money out of the foolish practised by a mother and daughter, in connection with an American Matrimonial Bureau which has had many victims in Canada. In this case, most of the victims have been men, who have lost little else but their money—often enough, however, the victims are credulous girls, and such we would advise to have nothing to do with matrimonial bureaus, or any such fraudulent company. Should any girl be in distress, write to the Salvation Army.

# Japan Greet the General.

## OUR LEADER IN YOKOHAMA AND TOKIO

### Audience with the Emperor—Fine Enthusiasm, Great Crowds, and Two Hundred at the Mercy Seat.

The following cabled intelligence of the events in connection with the General's visit to Japan, though brief, give a good idea of the stirring events that have taken place in the Empire of the Mikado:—

The following message describes the General's arrival in Yokohama:—  
Yokohama, Tuesday, April 16.

Just arrived. Good voyage. General and party in very good health. Prospects for the Campaign seem to be very good.

The General sends his love. God is helping him wonderfully. His health is as well as could be expected.

To this a cable to the Daily Mail adds:—

General Booth arrived here to-day in the "Minnesota," flying the Salvation Army flag.

A fire-work display will be given in Yokohama to-night, and the streets of Tokio are being decorated.

The General was due in Tokio, Japan's great capital, on Wednesday morning, and another cable to "The Daily Mail" from Tokio, April 18th, informs us that:—

General Booth was welcomed in Tokio to-day by twenty-five thousand people, being greeted at the station by the Governor of the City and the civic authorities.

The streets were decorated, and frantic enthusiasm was displayed.

The most influential and important event of the General's stay in Tokio—and not improbably of the whole tour—was an audience with his Imperial Highness the Emperor. This took place on Saturday, and was of a most cordial character.

A cable to the London "Tribune" supplies some details of the interview, as well as of other engagements which the General fulfilled:—

### HIS MAJESTY'S APPRECIATION.

Tokio, April 20th.

The General had to-day an audience of the Emperor, who expressed his appreciation of the efforts of the Salvation Army on behalf of charity.

The General, at the conclusion of the audience, proceeded to the workhouse, where one thousand inmates are accommodated.

Subsequently he attended a conference of nobles and representatives of the Government, at which the adoption of methods for the suppression of certain forms of Western vice formed the subject of discussion, in the course of which the Chief of the Salvation Army deplored the views on suicide prevailing in Japan.

Afterwards he opened a travelling hospital for the poor, towards the maintenance of which a lady supporter of the Salvation Army has promised a contribution of £9,850.

A group photograph of the Premier, Baron Oyama, Viscount Okuma, and the General was taken at the Buddhist Conference, at which a resolution was adopted in support of the General's views.

This is supplemented by a further cable to "The Daily Mail" from Tokio:—

General Booth has been presented

to the Emperor of Japan by the British Charge d'Affaires.

The Emperor, who was in uniform, conversed with the General, and expressed his sympathy with the latter's efforts for the poor.

Afterwards the General visited the Tokio Workhouse, which has one thousand inmates, and met Government officials, nobles, and ladies at Baron Shaibusawa's house.

Here General Booth outlined a scheme for a hospital for the poor, and was promised £20,000.

Field-Marshal Oyama presented a souvenir of the Manchurian War to General Booth, and the two men were photographed together.

A Buddhist Conference of one thousand delegates to-day sent a message praying for the success of General Booth's efforts.

While a "Chronicle" telegram from Tokio states:—

That the Emperor of Japan received in audience General Booth, whom he warmly thanked for the work done by the Salvation Army.

General Booth discussed with the nobles the Japanese schemes on behalf of the poor.

Among them is the erection of a hospital.

The General has been photographed with Marshal Oyama and Count Okuma.

At the Buddhist Conference prayers were offered up for General Booth.

The most wonderful and gratifying fact of all is contained in a brief cable received at International Headquarters. This refers to the General's salvation campaign in the Tokio Theatre on the Sunday, and conveys the glorious tidings of a marvellous rush to the mercy-seat, and two hundred seekers.

Glory be to God!

### The Imperial Palace.

From a recent work on Japan we learn that the Imperial Palace, which stands in the centre of the great bustling city of Tokio, has a secluded area, and is some miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a deep bank and a moat, and somewhere within this circuit is the palace in which the Emperor dwells. The moat is singularly impressive, and forms, indeed, the most beautiful feature of the Royal city.

The fosse is wide, its waters are deep and clear, its banks of grass are as vividly green, and as smooth as an English lawn. On that side of the winding lake which borders on the town the bank is low, and edged with Japanese willows. The green-banked moat is the cordon round the King, the rim of the charmed circle, the bulwark against the world.

Among the turmoil of the great capital this is a hushed oasis.

No environment of a monarch could be more dignified and more simple than the green still moat around pine-covered land, which to the common world has remained always unknowable.

The Emperor of Japan was born in 1852. He is the representative of the

oldest dynasty in the world, a dynasty which, according to the words of a recent and imperial decree, has existed for over 2,500 years.

The Emperor was dressed in a dark military uniform, very like to that of a French general. He is the 122nd member of his family, which has ruled over Japan in an unbroken line.

The etiquette of the court requires that conversation should be carried on in so low a tone as to be practically whispered.

The old Japanese audience chamber is beautiful, as well as a realisation of perfect daintiness. The throne room of the palace is decorated in black lacquer and gold; the walls are hung with claret-colored curtains.

Two gilded thrones are on a raised dais; the canopy of the throne is supported by green silk poles, crowned with ostrich plumes.

The audience chamber is of red lacquer and gold. Pictures of flowers on silk fill the sunken panels of the ceiling.

### RECORD TIME AT LONDON.

The People gave Willingly.

(By Wire).

Self-Denial Sunday in London was a record-breaker. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, and Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp were with us, and the crowds and interest were all that could be desired. The addresses of our leaders were full of inspiration and power, and five came forward for salvation, whilst two sought the blessing of a clean heart. The altar service proved very helpful, and the comrades brought their offerings to God willingly. Our target is assured.

God is wonderfully blessing us at the cottage meetings which are held weekly. Two souls found Christ on the Sunday previous, when Lieut.-Colonel Sharp led the meeting, assisted by Staff-Captain Creighton and Ensign Riley.

### TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND AT YORKVILLE.

Rousing Times—Ten Seek Salvation.

To Yorkville Corps has fallen the honor of being the first corps in the City of Toronto to be visited by the Staff Band, and this the Local Officers and Soldiers highly appreciate. The St. Paul's Hall was secured for the week-end, and every meeting was well attended. On the Saturday night a delightful Musical Festival was given. The playing of the band in the open-airs and on the marches on Sunday roused the neighborhood. Finances were capital; but, best of all, two brothers sought and obtained the blessing of a clean heart, in the Holiness Meeting, and there were ten splendid cases of conversion at night.

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell led during the week-end, and the singing and playing of the band was enjoyed by everybody.—Mrs. Brigadier Taylor and Captain Coombs, C. O's.

### THEY LIKED THE SOUP.

Captain Matier came to Essex for the week-end, and we had a "soup pot" meeting to welcome him. Everyone enjoyed the soup greatly. On Saturday we had a musical mix and pound meeting, which proved a great success in every way.

On Sunday one soul sought the forgiveness of sin. The Lantern Service, entitled, "Chalk your own door," on Monday, was much enjoyed. The barracks was filled, and the income amounted to \$12.46.



## COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS IN THE EAST.

The Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia Opens  
a New Maternity Hospital and Rescue  
Home at Halifax, N.S.

### Splendid Meetings at Yarmouth.

(Telegram.)

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs' Eastern Tour was a gigantic success. Springhill Mines, New Glasgow, Halifax and Yarmouth were visited.

His Honor, D. C. Fraser, Esq., Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, presided at the opening of the splendid new Maternity and Rescue Hospital at Halifax. Mrs. Coombs' address on this occasion was most tender, yet powerful. There were few dry eyes.

At Yarmouth, despite deluge of rain on Saturday night, there was a splendid crowd. The spacious Opera House was filled twice on Sunday. In the afternoon, B. B. Law Esq., M.P., presided, Mayor Hood and Mr. Armstrong, M.P.P., eulogized the Army's work. The Commissioner's addresses were logical, fiery and eloquent. Nineteen souls. Report in next issue.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

The Commissioner arrived at Headquarters early on Wednesday morning, and, as usual, was submerged in pressing affairs, which he attacked with a vim and energy surprising to those who knew of his exhausting meetings and journeys. But there was need, for on the Saturday following the Commissioner was again on the war-path to the West and British Columbia, where matters of considerable importance to the Salvation Army, demanded his presence.

The progress that the Salvation Army is making in Canada, is, without doubt, largely owing to the inspiring personality and indefatigable labours of our Commissioner, and we ask our readers to pray that God may continue to preserve his splendid vigour and energy.

We are happy to say that Colonel Kyle, who left London on the 9th, will, by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers, be once more in the Land of the Maple Leaf. The Chief Secretary, we understand, is very much better in health, and will no doubt, be able to resume at once, the work that is so dear to him.

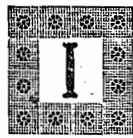
### BRIGADIER COLLIER AT GUELPH.

Eleven souls for the Day.

The week-end meetings at Guelph were conducted by Brigadier Collier and Captain Layman. Seven soldiers were enrolled on Saturday night, and a splendid open-air was held. At the holiness meeting eight souls surrendered. The Brigadier conducted a dedication service in the afternoon, and gave an address on the Prison Gate work. There were about forty at the open-air at night, and the barracks was well filled. After a stirring address a red-hot prayer meeting was held, during which three souls sought Christ.

# Reflections ... by General Booth

On His Way to Japan, in Mid-Pacific, on the Occasion  
of His 78th Birthday, 10th April, 1907.



HAVE been asked to put into writing some of the reflections with which, while steaming across the Pacific Ocean on my way to Japan, I greet my 78th birthday. Those to which which I give expression will necessarily be few in number, and from the character of my work and the fixed habits of my mind may be expected to bear especially upon what has been the great and absorbing business of my life.

It will therefore be understood why I leave on one side all reference to those objects and enterprises which, under similar circumstances, would naturally fill the mental horizon of the majority of men not thus absorbed, who, like myself, have lived through the remarkable changes of the last seventy years.

### Foremost Among These I Feel—

(1) PROFOUND WONDERMENT that I was brought so early in life to realize the evil of sin, and to seek and find that personal deliverance from its guilt, power, and consequences provided for me by the mercy of God through the all-atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and that of the same mercy I was enabled to make at the beginning of my career, a whole-hearted consecration of myself, and all I possessed, to the service of Jehovah, and the salvation of the sinning and suffering sons and daughters of men.

(1) THANKFULNESS that at the same time I was led to make a clean-cut separation from the world, as the master, guide, and reward of my life, by renouncing the pursuit of its fame, its pleasures, and its wealth.

As a result of that surrender, God in His mercy has been pleased to give me a thousand-fold more of the things I laid down for His sake, thus verifying in my experience the truth proclaimed by my Saviour that—"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Instead of the honors, pleasures, and gains that earth supplies, I have won the esteem of the truest friends of human-kind, the joys that are unspeakable, while riches beyond my most sanguine dreams have been poured in upon me, with the added satisfaction of being able to lay them all at my Saviour's feet.

(3) A DEEP SENSE OF GRATITUDE at the Divine Providence displayed in the inexplicable mystery in the selection of so obscure and unworthy an individual for the purpose of bringing into existence an organization of such world-wide influence for good as the Salvation Army, with the vast promise it gives of rendering still more valuable service to mankind.

(4) GRATITUDE as I contemplate the wonderful manner in which God has graciously preserved in my heart a supreme love for the souls of men, and the power by which He has been pleased not only to maintain this compassionate spirit in its simplicity: but in making me an instrument for giving effect to it over so wide an area, and with such remarkable results.

(5) DEEP SATISFACTION with the substantial benefits to the world that have flowed out of the employment of the simple means that I embraced with the opening breath of my religious life, and the confidence I still feel as to the marvellous possibilities of reclamation, happiness, holiness, and every other blessing, human and divine, for the most degraded and hopeless of mankind that must follow the use of the same methods on a more extended scale.

(6) SPECIAL THANKFULNESS to God for the increased confidence I feel in the essential doctrines of the Christian religion as accepted by me when a boy of 15, now 63 years ago.

Notwithstanding all the new-fangled theories that have been propounded during that period for the bringing here of a new heaven and a new earth, I have found no shorter, surer, or more God-honoring road to the millenium in men's hearts and homes and lives, than the good old-fashioned way of Repentance, Faith, and Holiness. The Penitent Form forever!

(7) EVERLASTING INDEBTEDNESS for the immeasurable goodness of God in placing by my side, so early in my life, the precious comradeship of my beloved and beautiful wife, and in these later days giving me the invaluable assistance of my son, the Chief of the Staff, and the capable, devoted, and self-denying host of Officers, who have gathered round me under the Flag of the Blood and Fire.

(8) THANKFULNESS for having been enabled by my example and teaching to set forth the advantages of that frugality, economy, and simplicity which constitute the truly simple life.

The abundant opportunities for observation that have been afforded me during all these years, and which have deeply convinced me of the irreparable loss men suffer physically, mentally, morally and religiously and every other way, by neglecting these principles.

In this I specially refer to the foolish and extravagant customs almost everywhere prevalent in the matter of diet, dress and recreation.

(9) SPECIAL GRATITUDE to my Heavenly Lord for being not only permitted to undertake at my age this long journey to Japan, but for the health of body, mind and soul, which I am privileged to enjoy on this my

78th birthday, and the hope I am allowed to cherish that my visit may be beneficial to this rising nation and may do something to more fully enlist its powerful influence and active co-operation in fighting for the reign of God and spread of righteousness and peace throughout the nations of earth.

(10) AND ABOVE ALL AND BEYOND ALL GRATITUDE for the Hand that has upheld me and kept me going forward in the face of the disappointments, misrepresentations and heavy sorrows that have been my portion all through these years. There now unfold before my wondering vision, as the close of the journey draws nearer, the open gates of the Celestial City, where the darlings of my life, already safe landed, anxiously await me, with whom and the host of loved ones and comrades that will follow after, I anticipate the indescribable privilege of spending the countless ages of eternity in the further service of the King Whom I have striven to glorify here below.

Whether the consummation of that glorious union come sooner or later, and I reach the Heavenly City after passing more dark days or bright days, I renew to-day my life-long vow to seek before all else the glory of my Master and the present and eternal weal of my fellow men.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

S.S. Minnesota,

April 10th, 1907.

### THE EDITOR AT HAMILTON.

A Good Self-Denial Sunday.

The premier Corps of the ambitious city, was favored this week-end with a visit from the Editor of the War Cry, who, in his various meetings, quite captured the hearts and minds of all who attended.

On Saturday night, his address on "The Romance of Soul-Saving," brimmed with interest and gave good omen of the success of the succeeding meetings.

The Holiness Meeting on Sunday morning was well attended and much blessing resulted. The address in the afternoon on S. A. Missionary Work in Zululand, created greater interest in our minds towards our dark-skinned comrades in South Africa.

Every meeting was an improvement on its predecessor, and the night meeting was no exception to this rule; for when, after a rousing open-air, the Brigadier faced his indoor congregation, everybody was expectant, and a first-class meeting was the result. One soul came to the penitent form, making two for the week-end, but, good as this may seem, results cannot be measured by this standard, as much conviction was evident.

On Monday evening the Brigadier gave his interesting lecture, "London's Bed-less Ten Thousand," and as the lecture was largely a relation of the Brigadier's own experiences, as Editor of the Social Gazette, the interest created was very deep, and the experiences were a revelation, as to how the "other half" live.

The band did yeoman services in the meetings, and every section of the Corps joins in extending a hearty invitation to the Brigadier to return at a very early date.—"Experto Crede."



# The Week-End's Despatches.

## SELF-DENIAL SUNDAY SHOWED EXCELLENT PROSPECTS.

**A Most God-Glorifying Work is Revealed in These Reports. Read Them.**

### RE-INFORCEMENTS ARRIVED.

#### A Pleasing Ceremony.

We have had a most interesting and profitable week-end at St. Catharines. Staff-Captain and Mrs. McLean were with us, and the open-air on Saturday night was full of go. A good crowd stood around and a splendid collection was given. Captain Bunton and some soldiers from Niagara Falls reinforced us for the occasion, and did good service. The band pitched in well on Sunday. In the Holiness Meeting one Sister came forward, also two little boys. In the afternoon, a pleasing ceremony took place, when Ernest Charles Gillingham, infant son of the Sergt.-Major, was dedicated to God and the Army. The singing and playing of Mrs. McLean was enjoyed by all, as was her talk on the appearance of Christ to two disciples on the way to Emmaus. The Staff-Captain gave a powerful address at night, and much conviction came on the people. —C. M. D.

### THREE WERE AWAKENED.

#### The Treasurer Makes Remarks.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. McLean were at Paris for the week-end. On Saturday, a Musical Meeting was held, and the Staff-Captain gave an interesting address. In the Holiness Meeting one soul came forward, and an old-time Free and Easy was held in the afternoon. The band played well, and we also had some string music. Mrs. McLean spoke and sang at this meeting. Over thirty were on the march at night, and we had a good crowd inside. An address was given on people being awakened, and we rejoiced to see three seeking salvation.

The Treasurer expressed the feelings of the Corps, when he said that we were pleased to have the Staff-Capt. and his wife with us, and hoped they would soon come again.—Corps. Cor.

### AT THE CAPITAL CITY.

#### The P. O. Pays a Visit.

Brigadier Smeeton, accompanied by Adjutant T. Bloss, visited Victoria for the week-end. Large crowds attended the meetings, and the Brigadier's Bible readings were much enjoyed by all. Many people were stirred, and deep conviction rested on all. On Sunday night a young girl left the meeting crying. We believe the Spirit was working on many hearts. The band did good service. Capt. and Mrs. Travers, assisted by Capt. Rickards, are doing a good work.

### BUILDING A QUARTERS.

We held a banquet at Belle Isle last week, which was a success. Capt. French and Lieut. Woodland are making progress with the quarters. When completed it will prove of great benefit to the work here. The crowd was so large on Sunday night that we could not find room for all.—W.

### BAND PLAYS TO PATIENTS.

#### Young People Are Enthusiastic.

The Lisgar St. Band went to the Home for Incurables on Sunday afternoon and had a very nice time. The inmates expressed their appreciation of the visit, and hoped they would soon return.

At the night meeting at the Corps, the barracks was packed to the doors. Mrs. McPetrick led on, assisted by the locals. It was a farewell service for Captain and Mrs. Perritt, who are bound for the States. Six souls knelt at the Cross.

The Young People's Work, under the direction of Mrs. Richards, is going ahead well. There were thirty-three at the open-air on Wednesday, and they are considering buying a new drum for their own use.

Many recent converts are taking their stand well, and are getting into uniform. Prospects are bright for smashing the Self-Denial target. The band collected over \$50.00 towards it by playing on the streets.

### A BUSY WEEK.

Since our last report from Fort William, we have had the joy of seeing three souls soundly converted.

On the 26th, we had a very successful Soldier's Tea, and on Saturday, Captain Davey, who has been here a few days, gave us a brilliant entertainment with the aid of his lantern, which he handles with great ability.—Ensign Crego, per T.S.W.

### THREE DEDICATED.

God is with us at Sydney Mines, and our work is advancing. Ensign and Mrs. Campbell are going in to help and bless the people. Sunday afternoon was a Dedication Service, when little Catherine Maud Snow, Laura Mildred Newman, and Chesley Edmund Murray were dedicated to God and the Army. At the night service we rejoiced over two souls seeking pardon.—Correspondent.

### A GOSPEL SHIP MEETING.

Since our last report, many souls have been saved at St. Johns III. We had a Gospel Ship Meeting last week, led by Ensign Moulton. It proved a success.

Lieut.-Colonel Rees was with us on Sunday, and he spoke powerfully from God's Word. We rejoiced to see two souls at the Mercy Seat.—Sergt. Wm. Maddick.

### GONE TO HER REWARD.

On April 18 the Rev. Mr. McLeod gave us a straight salvation talk at Halifax II. One soul came forward.

Dear Mother Swartz has gone to her reward. She was a faithful soldier, and we will miss her.

Some new bandmen have lately come among us. Adj. White and Capt. Duncan were with us on Sunday night, and three souls knelt at the cross.—Corps. Cor. Miller.

### A SWEET SINGER.

Bible Class. Increasing and Six Souls Saved.

Captain Dalzell was at Truro on April 27th, and we had a great day of victory. Her singing and playing in the open-air was much enjoyed by large crowds. In the evening meeting she captivated her audience by singing "Angels bear the news to mother," and urged upon her hearers the necessity of preparing to meet God. Three souls were converted.

Our Bible Class, under the leadership of Miss Peterson, is a feature of our work here. It has recently been increased by new converts.

Captain Cavender gave a very forcible talk on the Judgment, on Sunday, and two souls came to Christ. At the Band of Love, ten juniors came forward and asked for pardon. They give evidence of proving faithful little warriors. The visit of Ensign Sheard with the Bioscope was enjoyed by all. Altogether, we can report six souls for the last two weeks.—C. S. for Captain Cavendish.

### POOR MAN'S FRIEND AROUND.

#### Knee-Drillers Increasing.

Adj. Taylor is still leading us on at Ottawa I., and the locals and soldiers are loyally doing their part. On Saturday we had Capt. Hurd with us—"The Poor-Man's Friend." An increase of one-third in the attendance at knee-drill was observed. At the holiness meeting the Captain spoke on "Lost Joys," and one soul sought the joy of full salvation. The afternoon meeting broke the record for incident relating, and a large crowd listened at night to a stirring address on the "Marks that were left." One soul came to the fountain.

A lantern service was given on Tuesday, to which a fair crowd gathered.—War Correspondent.

### THE OPENING OF COBALT.

#### Officers Enthusiastically Received.

One of the latest happenings in the New Ontario Division has been the opening of Cobalt. The flag was unfurled here on April 12th. Major Rawling conducted the first service, assisted by the officers of New Liskeard and Haileybury. Hundreds gathered around the open-air, and as Captain Meader and Lieut. Thompson were introduced to their new friends, they received a most hearty welcome. A good audience gathered in the hall, and the Major dealt out some burning truths to them.

We have great opportunities before us here.—W. E. Plant.

### A GOOD ENDING.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McLean visited Norwich on Monday. Capt. Carter also was present, and we had a musical meeting which was enjoyed by all. We had good week-end meetings, and ended up on Sunday night with two souls at the Mercy Seat. Our S.-D. target is sure to be smashed.—Scotch.

On Sunday afternoon our locals were commissioned at Botwoodville, and four soldiers were enrolled. The service was conducted by Captain Ridout, who gave a powerful address. At the close two souls sought salvation.—S.C.

### HE BELIEVED IT MEANT HIM.

#### So He Got Saved.

The Cadets attached to Parliament St. Corps took charge on Wednesday, and gave a Musical Programme. On Friday, Captain Church conducted the meeting and spoke of the great opportunities now before the Army, and the need of consecrated laborers in God's vineyard.

While the Lieutenant was singing "Whosoever will, may come," during the testimony meeting on Saturday night, a brother rose up and said, "Here's one who will come now!" He made his way to the penitent form and got saved. Brothers Webb and Clark took charge of the Sunday afternoon meeting, the latter speaking upon the rich man and Lazarus.—Corps. Correspondent.

### COMRADES RALLIED ROUND.

#### Five Souls At the Mercy Seat.

Ensign Hancock conducted the meetings at Stratford for the week-end, and the comrades rallied round him in good style. A heart-searching address was given in the Holiness Meeting, and one soul sought the blessing of a clean heart. Band Secretary Brett read the lesson in the afternoon. A soul-stirring address at night, followed by an earnest appeal, resulted in four plunging into the Fountain. The attendance at our meetings is improving, and the open-air attracts great crowds.—E. C.

### LECTURER AND SONGSTER.

#### Invited To Come Again.

Captain Clark and Lieut. Burnett are in charge of Hillsboro now, and we are having good times. We rejoice over one soul on Sunday night.

Adjutant Smith was with us on Tuesday, and conducted a special meeting. A leading feature was his Action Song, entitled "The Hallelujah Train." A record crowd was present. On Wednesday he gave a lecture on London Life, and at the close, a vote of thanks was given him, and an invitation to come again. Crowds and finances are increasing.—Corps. Cors.

### A QUARTETTE FROM TORONTO.

We are enjoying blessed times at Niagara Falls, and many souls are getting saved. We are now busy with Self-Denial. On April 27th we had Adjutant Owen, Ensign DeBow, and Captains Kelly and Layman with us. Their visit was much enjoyed, and proved a blessing.

Captain Bunton and Lieut. Price are leading us on.—F. P. Sollinger.

### TWO DECADES OF FIGHTING.

Mrs. Adjutant Mercer gave a lecture at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Thursday night, entitled, "Twenty Years as an Army Officer." It was much appreciated. At the close of the meeting, Captain Nielis, of Escanaba, came in. He is an old friend of Adjutant Mercer, and was with us for the week-end. His talks and singing were enjoyed very much.—M. Murray.

Major Rawling and Captain Ritchie visited Aurora for the week-end. Five recruits were enrolled, and one prodigal returned to Christ. A brother asked to be prayed for.—S.M. for J.N.R.



## ORDERED TO THE COAST.

Passengers Raised a Collection and Japanese Contributed.

Having received orders to proceed to the coast, I left Winnipeg on the 28th of March, and after a pleasant trip, through the Rockies, I arrived at Seattle, where I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the General. Then, in company with Adjutant Blackburn, I set out for Port Essington, on the s.s. Venture. On board the vessel we held some good meetings, which the passengers enjoyed very much. They were delighted with the address of Adjutant Blackburn on the Army's work. As he is an old warrior of 26 years fighting, he was fully able to talk on that subject. We did not think it wise to take up a collection, but the passengers settled that for us. One of them put his hat on the table and threw a silver dollar in it, and many more followed his example. A nice little sum was thus raised for the work. Three Japanese gentlemen on board gave a dollar, thus showing their interest in the Army.

We landed on the 8th April at Port Essington, and on the following night I had my first meeting with the natives. They were very enthusiastic. We are looking forward to a wonderful time here this summer, as this is a central point during the fishing season, and hundreds of natives will be in town. We will do our best for their salvation.—Capt. D. Rankin.

## ROLL INCREASED BY TEN.

Songsters Improving.

Good meetings have been held all the week by Adjutant Bloss at Brantford. Ten new comrades have recently been welcomed from the Old Country, and are coming well to the front. Our S.-D. campaign is now in full swing, and our faith is high for success. The hall was crowded on Sunday night, and many were turned away. Our Songsters Brigade is still improving. Two souls sought salvation in the hall, and one professed conversion at the jail meeting.—W. H. Gordon.

## SANG IN A HOTEL.

Soon Got a Crowd.

Capt. Matier was at Dresden for the week-end, and gave a very interesting lantern service. Crowds and finances were good, and the Sunday meetings very interesting.

On Monday the Captain went around the hotels to examine his boxes, and on entering one was asked to sing a song. He sang, "There is sunshine in my soul," and was asked to sing another. Assisted by Lieut. Dobney, they sang, "O Jesus, how vast Thy love to me." In a short time a crowd gathered, and they much enjoyed the singing.—Het Shot.

## THREE WEEKS' INSTRUCTIONS.

The Salvation Army in Calgary is marching on to victory. Capt. McGrath has spent three weeks in our midst, giving special instructions to the band. His music, and assistance given in the Sunday meetings, has been greatly appreciated; also the work amongst the band, which is bound to bear fruit.

In three weeks we have seen seventeen at the mercy seat for salvation; also a number for holiness. The Self-Denial battle is now on, and by the blessing of God we mean to win.—Staff-Capt. Coombs.

## IMPRESSION BEING MADE.

Five Minutes With Glue Pot.

Ensign Webber and Mrs. Capt. Marshall led us on at Toronto Junction on Sunday. The lesson in the morning, was on "The Widow's Mite." Many good holiness testimonies were given. We have two open-air on Sunday afternoon; and they are making an impression on the town. Thankfulness to God for His gifts was the prevailing note at night. One Brother related how a pot of glue gave him five minutes' unhappiness, but, when he had finished using it he asked forgiveness of the work-mate he wronged, and also asked for God's pardon. Two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart, and one came forward for salvation. Six children also sought Jesus during the day. Our converts are standing true and all our War Crys sell out quick.—J. Pellatt, for Capt. Heron and Lieut. Crist.

## BROUGHT FATHER AND SISTER.

An Affecting Scene.

We had a record attendance at our open-air at Esther St. on Sunday. The people were attracted by the earnest testimonies and singing of the soldiers. The Temperance Hall was crowded at night. One Sister who had been saved only the week before, brought her father and another sister to the meeting. She first had the joy of leading her sister to the Mercy Seat, and the sight of his two daughters kneeling there, deeply affected the father, at last he got up and came forward to kneel by their side.—J. B., for Capt. Peacock and Lieut. Sweeney.

## THEY OBEYED THE CALL.

13 Got the Victory.

Sunday at Bonavista, was a day of great blessing and victory. The long-expected and prayed-for "break" has come at last, and many are rejoicing in Him, Who has "power on earth to forgive sins." The message given, was "Come, and let us return unto the Lord," and from all parts of the well-filled hall, sinners obeyed the invitation, until fifteen had knelt at the Mercy Seat. Thirteen of these came out into full liberty, and the remaining two, we are still praying for. May this prove to be only the earnest of still greater things.—E. Walsh, for Ensign Oxford.

## SOLOS WERE BEAUTIFUL.

Two Souls at the Cross.

Tilsonburg was favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McLean on Tuesday. The meeting was a time of great blessing. Mrs. McLean's talk was very powerful and convincing, as was the Staff-Captain's. The string band rendered good service and the solos of Mrs. McLean were beautiful.

Captain Lloyd and Lieut. Smye are in charge and we are in for smashing our S.-D. target.—Mrs. Keeley.

## MADE THEM GLAD.

Captain Hebditch was welcomed back to Clark's Beach on Sunday. Owing to her health, she has been away seven weeks. Our hearts were made glad when she told us of the revival at Norris Arm. Ensign England, who has been with us for a few days, said good-bye. We had some good times while she was here. We rejoiced over seven souls coming to God.

## A SALVATION VARIETY TROUPE.

During the last three weeks at Dovercourt, God has wonderfully blessed us, and we have seen eighteen souls at the Mercy Seat. The converts are standing well and testifying in the open-air. The Lippincott Variety Troupe was with us for the week-end, led by Brother Weir. Their music was much appreciated. The week-end meetings were led by Ensign and Mrs. Thompson. Good crowds attended. Brother and Sister Cunliffe farewelled for New Ontario. They spoke of God's goodness to them since coming to Canada. Three souls came to the Cross at the close of the meeting.—Corps Correspondent.

## ON FAMILIAR GROUND.

The S.-D. week-end meetings at Uxbridge were conducted by Captain Church, and were of an interesting character. On Sunday afternoon he gave a lecture on "What Self-Denial enables us to do," showing the extent of the Social and Missionary operations of the Salvation Army. Lieut. Spearing was called upon to relate what the Army is doing in Bermuda. As that is his native place, he felt on familiar ground. Capt. Harbor is pushing ahead with his Self-Denial target, and is confident that it will be smashed.

## G. B. M. NOTES.

I am pleased to be able to inform you that the sum of \$110.00 was realized from four lantern services I held lately. A great interest is being manifested in this branch of the work now in the New Ontario Division. Seven souls were converted at Cobalt last Sunday, during my stay there.—P. Tiller.

We are glad to report that our work is still on the up grade at Dauphin. Our crowds have been good; also finances; and since last report four prisoners have been captured.—T. F. Steckley.

Ensign Pearce is leading on at Saskatoon, and we have had the joy of seeing ten souls come to God.—H. S.

## What to Do With Drunks.

An Incidental Compliment to the Salvation Army.

"We have a poor drunken fellow round at our hall, and we don't know what to do with him!"

The speaker was the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. branch in the vicinity of Lisgar Street, and in appealing to Captain McPetrick in his dilemma, he certainly paid a practical compliment to the Army. The Captain accompanied him at once, and found the man "all in a heap" at the top of the hall. He took him in charge, kept him over night, sobered him up, and learned a pitiful life tragedy—only too sadly repeated in these 20th century days. He had broken his wife's heart—lost her confidence, disappointed his friends, and although a clever workman was now reduced to a state of practical invalidism through his excesses. The Captain took him eventually to the hospital, and then communicated with his wife.

She, poor woman, was at first quite unwilling to take him back, but after some consideration and brotherly talk, the Captain had the satisfaction of seeing them re-united once more.

Let us hope the young man will be wise and let the drink alone in the future.

## A Day with a Field Officer.

(Continued from page 3.)

meetings, assured her that we would continue to pray for her and her husband, and then hurried off to the open-air meeting.

The meetings afford another grand opportunity for an officer to get at the people. For the space of half an hour the Adjutant directed the forces at his disposal, and kept a brightly meeting going. The truths of the Gospel were brought to the notice of the passing crowds, backed up by numbers of living witnesses to their realities.

The music attracted the people, and as the procession swung off down the street, a crowd followed to the hall. In the inside meetings an officer has a better chance of securing the people's attention for protracted periods, and of urging them to accept salvation there and then.

This constitutes his chief joy, and if he sees his penitent-form crowded again and again with the people he has visited, prayed for, and warned and exhorted day after day, he is in transports of delight. All roads lead to the penitent-form in the Salvation Army, and the joy of seeing sinners converted well repays the officer for all his toils and sacrifices.

It will thus be seen that a day with a Field Officer is full of interest, presenting countless opportunities to do good, and that the life of an officer in the Army has its rewards and compensations in this life as well as in eternity.

If God has called you to consecrate your life and talents to Him as an Army officer, be sure you obey the call, and your way will be bright and happy.

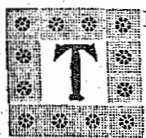
## An Aged Trophy.

The most remarkable case of conversion I have ever met in Canada is that of Father Armstrong, of St. John III., our present corps. At one time in his life he was one of the principal business men of this city, running a large dry goods business on Germain Street, but through drink gradually came down the social scale until, forsaken of family, wife and children, he became a poor outcast, glad to sleep in alleyways and beg a little to keep life in him. About twenty years ago, when Adj. Byers, then Captain, was in charge of No. III. corps, he wandered into the barracks, was taken hold of by the Spirit of God, and converted. He was taken home by the officers, cleaned up, clothed, and looked after till spring. Then helped into work suitable to his age and calling by the business men of the city, he has lived a beautiful, childlike Christian life for twenty years, going steadily on, without fall or causing anyone any worry. At first he used to sell one hundred War Crys a week, but now being eighty years of age, he only sells twenty-five. No one could doubt God's power to save to the uttermost who could listen to his simple testimony, which generally ends with the words, "I am beautiful and serene in my soul," and look into his face, which portrays the peacefulness of the heart within.—Kate W. Ritchie, Ensign.

At Kingston, Jamaica, there is still much disorder consequent upon the earthquakes. Building is practically at a standstill pending the action of the Home Government. Colonel Lindsay is a member of the committee presided over by the Archbishop for the consideration of the city's reconstruction. Meetings are frequently held, but at present, owing to a variety of hindrances things are moving slowly.



# SOME ROYAL SAILORS



THE promotion of the Prince of Wales to the rank of Admiral, and the satisfactory completion by his eldest son, Prince Edward of Wales, of the examination for entry to the Royal Naval College at Osborne as a cadet, have both been announced.

These two facts, interesting as they are, and agreeable to the wishes of the British people, will also give cause for some reflections and contrasts. The promotion of the Prince of Wales to Admiral at the age of forty-two—his birthday is on June 3—may be compared with the advancement of other royal princes who in the past have adopted the Royal Navy as a profession, and the entry of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales into Osborne College will be gratifying to the British people, who believe that a naval career is the healthiest that a boy can adopt, and that the early training of a seaman cannot fail to be a good education for their future sovereign and his brothers.

## A Good Training.

Not only is it certain that the determination to give a seaman's training to the royal princes is most popular with the nation, but it confirms a widespread belief that such a course indicates the approval in the highest quarters of the system of training naval officers which has been recently introduced, and which, if novel as compared with earlier systems, is no less practical, and calculated to insure that openness of mind, hardness of body, and readiness of resource which are not less valuable in princes than in private citizens because essential in the seaman.

## A Capable Officer.

The sympathy of King Edward with such training as is given to the officers of his navy was exhibited in 1877, when the late Duke of Clarence and his brother George, now Prince of Wales, joined the Britannia at Dartmouth, and afterward made a cruise around the world in the Bacchante. From his training afloat the Prince of Wales emerged a capable officer, who has shown his ability to command, and who has frequently referred in terms of the highest appreciation to the advantage which he derived from his early acquaintance with sea life. That the King should wish his grandsons and the Prince of Wales his sons to undergo a nautical training is not then surprising, and to a certain extent it may be said that the young princes have already had some experience in the principles of seamanship in the miniature brig, the navigation and handling of which vessel on Virginia Water has been one of their sources of amusement and recreation.

## A Precedent for Prince Edward.

As foreshadowing the course which will be taken with Prince Edward, and with his brother when he is also ready to go to Osborne, it is worth recalling the circumstance that the naval career of the Prince of Wales was made to conform much more nearly to the general routine of the naval service than had been the case with the majority of his royal predecessors. It was not until he was twenty-five years of age, and after nearly thirteen years of service, that Lieutenant Prince George of Wales hoisted his pennant, in 1890, as Commander of a sea-going man of war. Before that age his uncle,

## PROMOTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

### PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES AS A NAVAL CADET



The Prince of Wales—Admiral.

the Duke of Edinburgh, had been made a post captain, and although the Prince of Wales has now become an Admiral at an age when he is still one year younger than the Duke was when he was advanced to that rank, it must be remembered that by the lamented death of his elder brother the Prince was obliged to relinquish the idea of active employment in the profession to which he has always been devotedly attached.

## A Great Change.

Naturally a comparison will be drawn between the nautical education of the cadets when the Prince of Wales joined the Britannia and that which is now in vogue at Osborne and Dartmouth. The marling-spike has been replaced by the spanner, and instead of sails and spars, knots and splices, the young princes will be made familiar with all kinds of engines, and the other mechanical contrivances with which ships of war are now supplied. But in many respects the training for a naval career is the same, particularly as regards the opportunity the young princes will have of mixing with lads of their own age, of experiencing that give and take which teaches tact and temper, of taking part in the games which are so characteristic of English school life, the inculcation of discipline, candor and decision, the essential quintessence of the brotherhood of the sea.

## A Charming Locality.

When the Prince of Wales and his brother joined the Britannia they had special quarters allotted to them, but in other little bungalows, surrounded by a finely wooded estate, is a very different alma mater to the old hulk Britannia, with all its historic traditions. The scene from the playing fields of the college, says a recent writer, is one of great beauty. "On the one hand, the quaint old town of Cowes, from out of the lapping waters of the famous yachting anchorage, rises in a gabled and sparkling cluster; on the other hand, the spacious Spithead roadstead stretches across to Portsmouth, in fitting proximity to the rear-

ing place of our rising race of sea officers.

## Working Princes.

Even the timing of the day's routine is marked by striking bells as it is on board ship. A typical average day, such as that in which the young prince will shortly be taking part, is as follows:—At half-past six the bugle sounds the reveille and the corporals pass down the dormitories warning the cadets to "turn out, there; turn out." The summons is obeyed with promptitude, and there is a general stampede for the plunge baths. As soon as they are dressed the cadets assemble in the dining hall, where a cup of hot cocoa and ship's biscuit is served out to each before the day's work is begun. Then there are spells of physical drill and study lasting about fifty minutes, when breakfast is served at ten minutes to eight a.m. Drill, divisions and prayers carry on the morning to nine o'clock, when class work begins and goes on until one p.m., with a brief "stand easy" at about a quarter past eleven for a bun and a glass of milk. The curriculum embraces mechanical drawing, mathematics, physics, mechanics, seamanship, navigation, English grammar, French, English literature, history, composition, geography and Bible study.

## Clad In Over-alls.

After dinner two hours and a half are devoted to recreation, if fine, in the playing fields, but the "defaulters" have to pay the penalty of their misdeeds during this interval by being kept at drill while their messmates are at play. The programme in the forenoon is varied each day for a certain number of the cadets, who are

marched to the mechanical workshops at Kingston, about a mile from the college, where all the practical elements of marine engineering are taught, and the lads, clad in overalls, learn the practical side of the artificers' handicraft, handling lathes, drills, vices, files and the like. It is interesting to know that the lads show a keen zeal in this particular part of their study, while every care is taken to prevent the possibility of accidents through lack of experience with tools. From ten minutes past four to half-past six p. m. the time is devoted to various studies, and at seven o'clock tea, a good, wholesome, square meal, is served. Then another half-hour is devoted to study, and books are laid aside for the day. Half an hour's recreation is succeeded by prayers, then the bugle sounds "retire," "turn in," and it is not many minutes before the youthful Nelsons are at rest in their snug cots.

## Botha Won't Forget.

Warmth of British Welcome Will Always be Remembered.

"The gift of self-government, this proof of confidence given to my country," said General Botha of the Transvaal, to a representative of the Paris *Matin*, "is of good augury for the future of the Transvaal." His Government had no definite program yet, he said, but would try to please all the sections of the people as soon as possible.

The insinuation that the Government had assumed a grave responsibility in making him Premier, he called dangerous. "My colleagues and I are going to prove," he said, "our profound attachment to the Motherland, and all my efforts, as Premier, will tend to that end. I appreciate too much the warm welcome of London to do otherwise. The acclamations of the British people have profoundly moved me, and I shall carry away an unforgettable memory of my visit."

## Canada's Foreign Trade.

Increase of Over Fifty-Five Millions Over Nine Months of Last Year.

The foreign trade of the Dominion for the nine months to the end of March, amounted to \$441,815,646, which represents an increase of \$55,018,726, or nearly fifteen percent, over the corresponding period of the previous year. The import trade of the country amounted to \$249,717,413, showing a betterment of \$47,506,476. The exports of domestic produce totalling \$192,087,233, represented an increase of \$7,502,250. In the month of March alone, the exports and imports together, of \$52,146,312, were one-third larger than March 1906. This betterment was made up of a gain of \$10,778,787 in imports, and \$1,838,871. For the nine months the duty collections totalled \$40,196,033, an increase of \$6,338,237. The exports of Canadian mines in the nine months in the corresponding period of 1906, was \$676,500. Forest produce contributed \$6,959,006, animals and their produce, \$1,421,144, and manufacturers \$1,963,158 toward the improved record. The exports of agricultural produce decreased \$1,888,421.

French troops have formally occupied the Moroccan town of Oudja.

A remarkable operation on the brain which had the effect of giving back the power of speech to a dumb man, has been performed at the Bellevue Hospital, New York.



Prince Edward of Wales.



# OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

## The Romance of Jack and Jill.

### A TYPICAL CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

#### JILL.—PART I.

**O**H, mother, it was simply great! I nearly killed myself laughing at Frank Wright, and —

"Jill," interrupted her mother, "I wish you would remember what I have so often told you, and try and express yourself in more choice and correct language. I —"

"Oh, mother," cried the merry girl, "If you had heard the splash and seen the faces of Charlie Green and Tommy Jones, as well as heard the girls scream, you would forget all about proper English. Why, mother, it was wild fun. Everyone was perfectly drenched but me."

"Drenched!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, "and such a cold day. I wish you would compose yourself and explain the cause of all the excitement."

"Well, mother dear, I will try and tell you, but, ha! ha! ha! it was a perfect picnic!"

"Jill," reprovingly from her mother. "Yes, I know, mother, but no common English will ever describe the scene. You know, we were riding down Moffatt's Hill on our bobsleigh. We were having a great time, and Frank Wright was steering. I was at the back, the three girls and the other boys were shouting and singing 'Britannia rules the waves,' when I saw where Frank was taking us. I just tumbled off in the snow. Frank somehow lost control and down they went to the side. Whop! bang! into the pond. Splash! splash! through the ice. Oh, it was fun."

"How shocking, Jill!"

"No, mother; they were not hurt, but just soaked, and they all scrambled out and skooted like half-drowned mice, with the kitties after them, and I just stood and giggled—I could not help it, mother; it was too comical for anything!"

Mrs. Douglas was very much distressed, and taking her irrepressible Jill with her, called upon all the families whose child had had an impromptu "ducking." She found that all had been despatched to bed—all except Frank Wright, who was to play so important a part in the after life of her bonny Jill.

Frank was sitting despondently by the hot stove, and was declaring to his anxious mother that having had a warm drink and a change of garments he was "all right."

He had always been the champion "steerer" on the bobsleigh expeditions on Moffatt's Hill, and this precipitous plunge into the Frog Pond at the bottom, which it was every steerer's glory to keep clear of, had been a dreadful blow to his boyish pride.

His dark eyes wore a defiant air, and his usually clear forehead was furrowed with frowns. He was like many more persons. He wished he had an excuse for blaming someone else for his carelessness.

He brightened, however, under the smiling gaze of the little girl who was wise enough to "roll off" the "bob" into the piles of snow which lay deep on either side of the "slide." The mothers congratulated themselves that the consequences of the accident had not been more serious, and Mrs. Douglas and Jill returned home.

A year or two previous to the opening of my story the town of St. Clair had passed through that transition known to Canadians as a "boom." There had been a great "find" in lumber in the surrounding district. A new railway had been hastily constructed, and St. Clair had become a centre of operations. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, with their four children—Jeanette (familiarily called Jill), and Johnnie, and George, and little Francis—had come from a distant city to seek to "better themselves" in the new town. It had been "such fun" for the children to go and live in the

tiety "shanty" among the tree-stumps, which was temporarily erected for the family, because there was no house to be obtained for "love or money."

The change had not been pleasant to the delicately-nurtured mother, who so recently had left the comforts of a congenial home and social circle in the Homeland. But she bore the inconveniences of her restricted surroundings with uncomplaining grace, and was always ready to greet her brave husband, who had many dis-

"That, my children, is a skull."

"A skull! What is a skull, father?" inquired little Georgie.

"Just where this house is built was once an old burying ground," explained Mr. Douglas. "My men found the skeletons—that is, the bones—of many Indians."

"You know, children, all the country between these Northern Lakes was once inhabited by Indians. It is said that there were, in the 17th century, 30,000 Indians of the Huron tribes in this part of the Province. They were at enmity with the Iroquois, and many battles and much bloodshed took place amongst them. The Hurons all accepted the Christian religion as taught by the Jesuits, and they had many mission stations."

"What were their names, papa?" asked enquiring Georgie.

"Well, my son, there were St. Joseph, St. Marie, St. Ignace, St. Louis, and others, and the Iroquois who were

fish they had shot or caught in their day's wanderings.

"Yes, children," went on Mr. Douglas, as he drew them out into the hazy, warm sunlight of the August afternoon, "Canada has known some stirring times in its history. You will learn of it as you grow older and advance in your school studies."

"Yes, papa," interrupted the eldest little daughter, Jill, "all about the French ruling Canada, and their wars with the natives."

"Yes, dear, the French Governor who managed the Indians best was Count de Frontenac. No one could control the Iroquois so well. They both feared and respected him. He treated them as children, threatening them with punishment if unruly, and rewarding them when they pleased him. He was twice Governor of French-Canada, and traveled all through our Northern Lakes."

"How fine, papa, to know all about the country we live in. I will try and remember more history. I never could see any good in it."

The conversation made a deep impression on the mind of Jeanette, she felt a great compassion swell in her girlish heart for the red men who had been driven out of their native woods and plains, and a secret wish was born that she might some day be a missionary to remnants of the scattered tribes. Little idea had Jean that the future held a life of real usefulness for her.

#### THE SUGARING.—PART II.

We cannot pass on to introduce our readers to the hero of our story until we give them one or two further glimpses into the life of the gay little maiden, whose brown eyes, dark ringlets, flushed cheeks, and saucy smiles won all hearts wherever her dainty feet and little form fitted. She was her father's pride, her mother's joy, her teacher's chief aid until she passed from the school-room to be her mother's right hand helper in the home.

She was a devoted little Episcopalian. Every Sunday morning found her bent reverently over her crimson morocco Prayer Book, and earnestly following the clergyman as he prayed, "We have offended against Thy laws, we have left undone those things we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us." But she always felt better after the clergyman's prayer of absolution. "Wherefore let us beseech Him to grant us true repentance . . . that the rest of our lives may be pure and holy." For that was the secret unspoken desire of the happy-hearted little Jill, and the desire grew stronger with her growing girlhood.

She entered with zest into all the sports that Canada offers her youth. The warm summer nights were a great delight to the Douglas children, especially the evenings when the moon was not too bright for the fishing. Under their father's care they leaned over the rustic wharf which had built projecting into the lake, eagerly waiting for the fish in the clear blue waters to "bite."

Perfect stillness would reign, broken only by the sound of the lapping of the little wavelets upon the pebbly shore, and a bubble of excitement as a childish voice, in an excited whisper would say, "There, I almost had him," with the probable response from another childish treble, "Hush, you frightened my fish, Georgie." It was a favorite recreation, and they enjoyed it for the pure pleasure of it, as well as for the result, which often-times meant a tasty supper of trout, salmon, or white fish, for they always succeeded in "landing" a fine string of the funny tribe.

In the spring there was the sugaring, and what Canadian country boy or girl does not recall the delight of going out day by day into the woods to watch the oozing sap drip, drip into the wooden pail set below the white-wound in the trunk of the maple tree, as the sweet liquid drops over the hardwood "spile?"

Mr. Douglas had a sugar bush a short distance from his home, and Jean and her brothers went daily to gather the sap, and the days that the big iron caldron was set up over a



An Indian of the Huron Tribe.

comforts to endure also, with a smile when he returned to their little home. The free, unconventional life suited the little ones. They came in from the little town schoolhouse, or the joyous game, with rosy cheeks and an exuberance of good spirits.

Mr. Douglas was a contractor and builder, and in the excavations necessary for putting in foundations for buildings which were "rushed" into existence, he made some gruesome discoveries.

"Oh, papa, what is that dreadful thing?" exclaimed little Johnnie one day.

The Douglasses had improved their environment after the first year and now had a very comfortable "clap-boarded" home of seven or eight rooms. One of the rooms contained a reminder of the old English home in the form of a fire-grate. On the cold winter nights, when the mercury "went down" many degrees below zero, the huge pine sticks from the adjacent forest were piled up and a warm blaze flamed up to the delight of the family. Over the grate was a wooden mantle, varnished to imitate marble. In the centre stood the round dark grey object which had terrified Johnnie Douglas, and brought his sisters and brothers in a cluster round the door.

still very warlike, used to come to their mission stations and massacre the poor Indians. They put the Catholic Fathers to cruel torture too."

"Oh, papa, how wicked of them!" Little Francis' gentle heart was grieved and her blue eyes filled with tears. "The poor men! And did they kill the little Indian babies too, papa?"

"Papooses they are called," instructed sturdy George, who was the proud possessor of a tommy-hawk and other relics of barbaric Canada.

"Yes, Fanny," answered Mr. Douglas, "they killed the mothers (the squaws) and the poor little copper-colored papooses too. In two massacres, in the years 1640 and 1649, ten thousand of the Hurons were killed. The powerful, brave, and intelligent Hurons ceased to exist as a nation. There were, of course, wandering tribes in this part of the Province later than that, and these graveyards that we are always unearthing may contain the bodies of those who lived at a later date. But you must always remember that all up our pretty rivers and across our wonderful Northern Lakes the red men used to paddle in their quaint birch-bark canoes, and on those lovely shores which border the blue waters they used to set up their wigwams and cook the game and



blazing fire of branches and knots, for the boiling of the sap, were glad ones indeed. Sometimes there was very little snow, but Granny Jones, who lived at the other side of the bush, used to say, when they came scampering into her cosy little cottage for the hot buns and milk she seemed to keep in readiness for the young folks in sugar-making time, "Aye, my bairnies, it is easy gathering the sap noo. When I was a lassie the maples were stuck nere aboot, and the snaw often lay deep in the sugaring time, and we used to gang aboot on oor snaw-shoos to gather the sap. We had troughs in the auld days, instead o' yon buckets, and they tell me the new-fangled folk ha spiles made o' iron and buckets o' tin."

(To be continued.)

### ENCOURAGING TO OPEN-AIR FIGHTERS.

#### Three Striking Stories of Conversions.

Sergt.-Major Drolet of Montreal II., a veteran warrior, who dates his conversion back to the early battles of French warfare at Quebec; dropped in to the Editorial Office to-day. Incidentally, he told us of one or two very encouraging fruits of recent open-air engagements at Point St. Charles.

One Sunday morning as the Corps took its stand at a street corner, God carried the messages through an open window, to the heart of a young girl. She was convicted of sin, and unknown to the soldiers, she then and there knelt by her bed-side, and surrendered herself to Jesus. During the week, Adjutant Allan learnt the good news that she was really converted.

The same Sunday afternoon's open-air also bore blessed fruit. A man on a sick bed listened as the meeting went on, and accepted Christ. Shortly afterwards he died, but left behind good reason to believe that he, also, had got right with God.

These two incidents recalled yet a third, to the Sergt.-Major's remembrance, which, although of a prior date, is equally encouraging to open-air fighters.

"We visited a very poor street," he continued, "and held our open-air meeting there. A window was half open, but we little knew how far our voices carried. During the week, the Captain was sent for by a sick woman in that neighborhood. 'I sent for you,' she said, 'to tell you, for your encouragement, that I was converted to God through your open-air meeting last Sunday; I am now ready to die.' She passed away in peace, later on that same week."

Little wonder that the Sergt.-Major expressed his firm belief in the usefulness of the Army's open-air tactics, adding how much he personally valued the privileges we Salvationists enjoy in this direction.

During our short stay at Odessa eleven souls have found salvation. Our converts are fighting bravely and many wish to step into uniform. The Spirit of God is still working and many more are under conviction.—Lieut. Penn.

Three souls sought salvation at Wetaskiwin on Sunday, one being a backslider.

Our brass band is progressing, and the string band is getting to the front.—Henry.

We are having splendid times at Campbellton, N. B. Ensign Pynn gave a stirring talk on Sunday night, and Mrs. Pynn favored us with a touching solo which was very much appreciated by the audience.

We had a glorious wind-up, with two young men kneeling at the Mercy Seat.—Corps Correspondent.

## HEROES OF THE CROSS.

### Savonarola==Italian Preacher and Martyr

#### A REVIEW.

From the sayings and doings of the saints of God in all ages and in all countries we may learn much of what is of practical value to us at the present day. Therefore, from the life of Savonarola, an Italian monk who lived in the 15th century, as depicted by Commander Oliphant, we may gather valuable lessons that will help us on our way heavenward and stir us up to emulate the noble example of this self-renouncing man of God. Savonarola followed his Lord closely and stood out alone against the general corruption of the Church and the nation. As a result he met with an almost similar fate to Jesus Christ; in fact, in many particulars his last days very much resembled those of the greatest martyr of the ages. The mock trial, the false witnesses, his betrayal for thirty pieces of silver, the cursing, blood-thirsty mob, the loneliness of his last hours, and the final grim tragedy of his death, all have a curious co-incidence with the last days of our Lord. A further similarity may also be traced in the calmness of the sufferer, his forgiveness of his enemies, and the cry of the crowd as they watched his body swinging from the gibbet: "Now, O prophet, is the time for a miracle!" The same lips that cursed him then had shortly before listened to him with wonder and reverence as he preached in the

and patient endeavor, for he possessed the real prophet's message and fire; and if he failed in the pulpit, he often impressed others as being a master of men.

"Travelling one day, for instance, on the boat which plied on the river of his native town, he found himself in the company of some rough troopers, who were swearing and gambling, regardless of the preacher's dress or person. Suddenly Savonarola, burning with indignation at their conduct, addressed them in words that struck terror to their hearts, for at once eleven of them fell on their knees and begged pardon for their sins."

The life work of this man as a denouncer of sin, a prophet of God, and the reformer of a city, is strikingly dealt with by the author. He saw his reward in the wonderful change which came over the gay and pleasure-loving people of Florence.

"The women threw aside their jewels and finery, dressed plainly, and bore themselves demurely. Licentious young Florentines were transformed, as if by magic, into sober, religious men. Pious hymns took the place of Lorenzo's carnival songs. The townsfolk passed their leisure hours, seated quietly in their shops, reading either the Bible or Savonarola's works. All prayed frequently, flocked to the churches, and gave largely to the poor." Most wonderful of all,



"Savonarola Receiving a Representative of Lorenza de Medici."

This picture represents Savonarola refusing to grant absolution to Lorenzo when the latter lay dying in 1492, as "the Magnificent" had declined to accede to the demands made by his confessor.

great cathedral, just as the crowd had cried "Hosanna" when Christ rode in triumph through Jerusalem, and afterwards had mockingly said: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross."

It would seem that God had to draw this ardent soul to Himself at first by the double blow of the disappointment of an unrequited love and the disillusionment of a youthful enthusiasm.

"His dream of earthly happiness had vanished. The castle in the air which he had day by day been so carefully building now lay in ruins at his feet. In his heated fancy, fed by this cruel delusion of promised happiness, he saw himself alone, despairing of himself and of his country. One light alone penetrated the gloom. He had God left, and he turned with all the despair of a disappointed heart to spiritual things."

This may be regarded as the date of his conversion, and from that time forth he sought to know and do the will of God. He lost the object of his love; but a touch divine turned his love into a treasure, which was to enrich a whole nation.

Thus, at the age of twenty-two, we find Savonarola one of the Brotherhood of the Dominican Friars, an order of preachers. At first he failed dismally, owing to two reasons: "Firstly, because he adopted the stiff, scholastic style of the times, which stifled his burning message; and secondly, because his manner and method of expression were rough, uncouth and repulsive."

"But it was only a question of time

After a hard day's fight at Bowmanville we rejoiced to see three backsliders return to God, and another came out to get converted. Deep conviction is seen in our meetings.—Capt. Hibbs and Lieut. Doherty.

## Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER WAY, OF NEWTOWN.

He Signalled "All Right!"

Death has visited our corps, and taken from us Brother Peter Way. For two years he had suffered from consumption, but bore it all patiently, and never murmured. We always found him with a smile, and the witness of his peace with God.

About two hours before he passed away we started to sing "When I'm nearing Jordan's billows," and he raised his hand and waved it as we sang. On Friday, April 5th, at 8 p.m., his spirit took its flight. On Tuesday we laid his remains in the tomb till "we meet again in the morning." The Methodist minister, Mr. Edwards, kindly loaned us his church for the funeral service, and was also present. It was well attended, and very impressive.

Bro Way was converted in the Army in 1893, and took his stand as a soldier shortly after. He leaves a wife and two children, to whom we extend our sincere sympathy.—Captain Grandy.

### BROTHER CRITCH, OF HANTS HARBOR.

Resigned to God's Will.

Again we have to report the death of another of our comrades. Elias Critch was a soldier of the cross for a number of years, but his last battle has been fought and won. For the past two months he was a great sufferer, but he is now released from all his sufferings, and we to-day have not the shadow of a doubt but that he is singing the song of the redeemed. While visiting him during his illness, he would testify that his will was resigned to God's will. We shall miss him from the corps, but our loss is heaven's gain. A goodly number followed his remains to the cemetery. We buried him with the sure and certain hope of meeting him again in that land where pain and sorrow never enters. His memorial service was well attended. Many hearts, we believe, were touched, and much conviction was felt, but no one yielded. Our prayers and sympathy are with all the bereaved.—Captain Morgan, for Ensign Ashford.

### RESULTS OF PRAYER MEETING.

We held a junior demonstration at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Monday, and the children did so well that they have been requested to repeat it.

On Friday we had a prayer meeting at a private house, which resulted in three women and a little boy-claiming salvation.

The meetings on Sunday were good in spite of the bad weather, and one young man returned to God at the evening service.—Margaret Murray.

### YOURSELF OR YOUR CHEQUE.

A good story is told of an American Divine who was asking for a collection in a great missionary meeting. He made a two-fold plea. He said:—"My friends, say, 'here I am, send me,' and if you cannot say that, say, 'here's my cheque,' send somebody else!"

A well-built hut has been secured near the Catharine Booth Settlement, where the Zulus who are unable to attend the meetings, owing to a difficulty in crossing the river, can gather together to worship God.



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## THE SALVATION ARMY YEAR BOOK.

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## Musical Prize Competitions FOR THE YEAR 1907.

The Chief of the Staff has approved the undernoted arrangements for the Prize Competitions of the present year.

The Competition will be in three classes:—

1.—The best original melody for general congregational use in Salvation Army holiness meetings.

2.—The best original selection for the use of Army bands.

3.—The best original march for the use of Army bands.

The Musical Board of International Headquarters will be the adjudicators, and the cash prizes, accompanied by a certificate of merit, will be as follows:—

For the best Melody, 1st Prize £2 2s.; 2nd Prize £1 1s.

For the best Selection, 1st Prize £4 4s.; 2nd Prize £2 2s.

For the best March, 1st Prize £3 3s.; 2nd Prize £1 11s. 6d.

A Certificate of Merit will also be given to the competitors taking the third place in each class.

The Competitions in all classes will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in all lands, except persons who are officially employed by the Army in composing or editing music.

Melodies must be received in London between June 1st and 30th, 1907.

Selections and Marches must be received in London between July 1st and 15th, except from the colonies or foreign countries. The date for such contributions will be extended to August 1st to 15th, 1907.

Full particulars, together with conditions and form of entry can be obtained from the Territorial Commander.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may see exactly what is required before commencing their work.

## MISSING.

### To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. B. Connors, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

5910. COLLINSON, WALLACE. Was 16 years old when he left home. Height 5 ft. 8 in.; light hair, blue eyes, has mole on left cheek. Missing since May 24. Last seen at Gananoque Junction; might be in London, Ont.



5876. WILLIAM KIND. Age 29, height 5ft. 6in. Electrician, worked last with Stovel Co., Winnipeg, Came from Leicestershire. News Wanted.

5897. BEEK, THOS. HENRY. Age 35, dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; last heard of in April, 1904; was then at Soo, Ont. Father enquires.

5898. CONNORS, THOS. A. Age 28; height, 6 ft.; dark hair, brown eyes; missing five years; last heard of in B. C. News wanted.

5899. WELSH, JAMES IRISH. Age 45; height, 5 ft. 3 in.; black hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion; missing 23 years; has birthmark on forehead; last known address, Marshalltown, U.S.A.

5907. JOHNSON, JOHN. Age 65 or 70; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; ruddy complexion; missing 30 years; last heard of at Madoc, Hastings, Ont.

5903. PROBERT, JAMES WM. Age 37; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, scar under chin; carpenter; news wanted.

## Songs for All Meetings.

### Salvation.

Tune—"I'll stand for Christ," 244; Song Book, No. 595.

1 In the Army of Jesus  
I've taken my stand  
To fight 'gainst the forces of sin,  
To the rescue we go  
Satan's power to overthrow,  
And His captives to Jesus we'll win.

Chorus—I'll stand for Christ.

We go forth not to fight  
'Gainst the sinner, but sin,  
The lost and the outcast we love;  
The claims of our King  
Before them we bring,  
And we urge them His mercy to prove.

Jesus pitied our race,  
And He died in our place,  
To save a lost world He was slain;  
But He rose and now lives,  
And His pardon He gives  
Unto those who will call on His name.

Tunes—"Ready to die," 197; Oh, I'm happy all the day," 196; Song Book No. 123.

2 With a sorrow for sin  
Must repentance begin,  
Then salvation of course will draw nigh;  
But till washed in the blood  
Of the crucified Lord,  
You will never be ready to die.

Chorus—Ready to die, etc.

We've His word and His oath,  
And His blood seals them both—  
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie—  
If you do not delay,  
But repent while you may,  
He will soon make you ready to die.

And that you may succeed,  
Come along with all speed  
To a Saviour who will not deny;  
So kneel down at His feet,  
At the blest mercy-seat,  
And He'll soon make you ready to die.

### Experience.

Tunes—"Austria," 162; "He is bringing to His fold," 166; Song Book No. 44.

3 Come, ye sinners, drifting downwards,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power!  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you:  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and ruined by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous:  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5814. LINGARD, SUSIE. Age 30; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; red hair, a little curly; blue eyes. Missing 15 years; last heard of in Detroit, U.S.A.

5829. WEDGWOOD, ROBERT. Age 18; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion; his arms are tattooed. Last heard of in Olinda, Ont.

5849. Wanted—the address of MRS. MAGGIE RICHARDS. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

Tune—"The ransomed of the Lord," 278; Song Book No. 596.

4 The ransomed of the Lord are a happy band,  
Though despised they are strong,  
Hallelujah!  
They are bound to recruit as they march along,  
Will you come and join us?  
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
I belong to the Army, Hallelujah!  
King David, though he sat upon a throne of state,  
Was a Soldier of this band, Hallelujah!  
And the beggar who lay at the rich man's gate  
Was a warrior in this band, Hallelujah!

The three Hebrew worthies who would not deny their God  
Were all Soldiers in this band, Hallelujah!  
And Daniel, who with lions never lost a drop of blood,  
Was a member of this band, Hallelujah!

### Holiness.

Tunes—"Ye banks and braes," 121; "Madrid," 117; Song Book No. 474.

5 Give me the faith that Jesus had,  
The faith that can great mountains move,  
That makes the mournful spirit glad,  
The saving faith that works by love;  
The faith for which the saints have striven,  
The faith that pulls the fire from Heaven,  
Give me the faith that gets the power,  
That stubborn devils cannot turn,  
That lion-teeth cannot devour,  
That furnace fires can never burn,  
That never fears the tyrant's frown,  
That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

Give me the faith that clearly sees  
What worldly eyes cannot behold,  
That knows the way the Lord to please,  
That can His secret ways unfold,  
That gives up greatness for the good,  
That wins the fight with fire and blood

Tunes—"Blessed Lord," 163; "Guide me, great Jehovah," 165; Song Book No. 471.

6 Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,  
Safety for my trembling soul,  
Power to lift my head when drooping  
'Midst the angry billows' roll.  
I will trust Thee,  
All my life Thou shalt control.  
In the past too unbelieving  
'Midst the tempest I have been,  
And my heart has slowly trusted  
What my eyes have never seen,  
Blessed Jesus,  
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.

Oh, for trust that brings the triumph  
When defeat seems strangely near!  
Oh, for faith that changes fighting  
Into victory's ringing cheer—  
Faith triumphant,  
Knowing not defeat or fear!

5853. ALEXANDER, ALBERT; alias SPARROW. Age 26 years; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; sailed from England on the s.s. Southwark March 3rd, 1907. News wanted.

5881. HOLMES, THOS. Left Lethbridge 16 years ago; went to Virginia; may still be in the U. S. A. Was heard of in Quebec six years ago, or New Zealand.

5878. GILLESPIE, THOS. Age 47; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; auburn hair, black eyes, fair complexion; blacksmith; Irish. Last heard of at Michipicoten River, Lake Superior, Ont.

5874. BAKER, HENRY SIDNEY. Age 31, 5 ft. 11 in., blue eyes, broad shoulders; supposed to be in the Northwest; last heard of in Beeton, Ont. Reward for reliable information.

5850. BARNES, JOSEPH. Age 35, married, 6 ft., dark hair and eyes, dark complexion; Englishman; been out two years; last heard of in Toronto.

### HEADQUARTERS SPECIALS.

THE TEMPLE.—Sunday, May 19.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

THE TEMPLE.—Sunday, May 26.—Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND will visit Brampton,— Saturday and Sunday, May 18th and 19th.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON, Praying League and Auxiliary Secretary, will visit St. Thomas, May 16; Windsor, May 18, 19, 20.

### EASTERN TOUR OF ENSIGN SHEARD WITH BIOSCOPE.

Bear River, May 20; Annapolis, May 21; Bridgetown, May 22; Digby, May 23; Yarmouth, May 24; Clark's Harbor, May 25, 26; Weymouth, May 27; Freeport, May 28; St. John I., May 29; Fredericton, May 30; Woodstock, May 31; St. Stephen, June 1, 2.

### TERRITORIAL FINANCIAL SPECIALS.

Captain Tiller. — Fenelon Falls, May 17, 18 and 19; Kinmount, May 20; Ireland, May 21; Coldkirk, May 22; Uxbridge, May 23, 24; Brampton, May 25, 26, 27; Orangeville, May 28, 29; Dundas, May 30, 31; Hamilton II., June 1, 2; Hamilton I., June 3; Hamilton III., June 4; St. Catharines, June 5, 6, 7; Niagara Falls, June 8, 9, 10.

Capt. Hurd, East Ontario Province.—Peterboro, May 18, 19, 20; Manvers, May 21, 22; Toronto, May 23-27; Port Hope, May 28, 29; Cobourg, May 30, 31.

Captain Matier, West Ontario Province.—Wingham, May 18-20; Listowel, May 21, 22; Palmerston, May 23, 24.

### Farm Lands and Real Estate Advice Bureaux.

Having received enquiries from Salvationists and others concerning Farm Lands (improved or otherwise) the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with our Immigration Department, where we shall be glad to receive correspondence from those desiring to purchase or sell. We hope in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be sent to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers—Major Creighton, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C.; Staff-Capt. McGillivray, Clarence St., London, Ont.; Staff-Captain Creighton, Kingston, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Patterson, 16 Palace Hill, Quebec, P.Q., or 25 University St., Montreal, P.Q.; Adj. Jennings, Box 477, Halifax, N.S., or 259 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon, Man.